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SPAIN IN REVOLT

1814-1931

by

JOSEPH McCABE

WITH SKETCH-MAP

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TO
THE MEMORY OF
FRANCISCO FERRER

PREFACE

THE astonishment which was generally expressed in England when the news came of a revolution in Spain suggests that few understand the development of the Spanish mind. Many, doubtless, know that a Republic was established in Spain in the seventies of the last century. A few may know that nearly a hundred years ago the Spanish workers burned far more monasteries, and with terrible loss of life, than a few of them have burned recently. But probably very few realize that the recent Municipal Elections in Spain afforded the literate minority of the nation its first opportunity since the year 1874 to register their sentiments in freedom and honesty.

In other words, the establishment or re-establishment of a Republic this year is the quite logical culmination of a development that has proceeded in Spain for more than a century. The Spanish people, whom we are too apt to regard as lacking in energy or aspiration, have made one of the most heroic fights in modern history for the right to govern themselves. Tens of thousands—I am not sure if I should not say

hundreds of thousands—of men and women have boldly met death for their cause or slowly rotted out of existence in fetid jails. Even in recent decades the aspiration of the people has been checked by judicial murders, mediaeval tortures in the jails, and the imprisonment without trial of thousands. I offer the story of this gallant fight for what we all regard as elementary rights since the year 1814, partly to assist those who would understand what lies behind recent developments and what is likely to follow, partly in the hope of winning appreciation for a spirited, honourable and most attractive people.

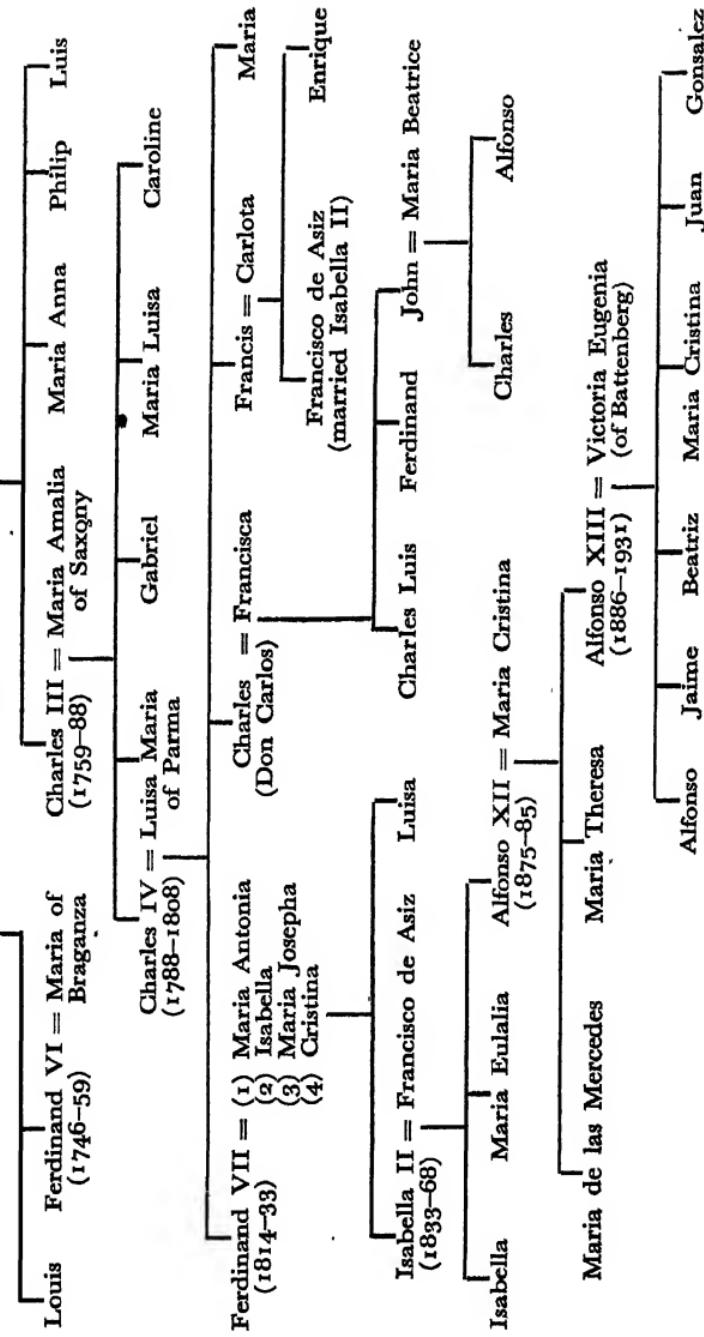
J. M.

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
I	THE PERJURY OF KING FERDINAND	1
II	THE BLOODLESS LIBERAL REVOLUTION	18
III	FERDINAND'S RED REVENGE	39
IV	THE TRAGI-COMEDY OF DON CARLOS	55
V	THE BEGINNING OF MODERNIZATION	73
VI	A SORDID INTERLUDE OF REACTION	88
VII	TEN YEARS OF DILUTED LIBERALISM	107
VIII	THE ROAD TO RUIN.	125
IX	THE FIRST REPUBLIC	145
X	CORRUPTION UNDER ALFONSO XII	166
XI	INTO THE DEPTHS	185
XII	SPAIN UNDER ALFONSO XIII	202
XIII	THE DICTATORSHIP AND THE REVOLUTION	223
	INDEX	243

THE SPANISH BOURBON DYNASTY

Maria Luisa (1) = Philip V, grandson of Louis XIV = (2) Elizabeth Farnese
(1700-46)



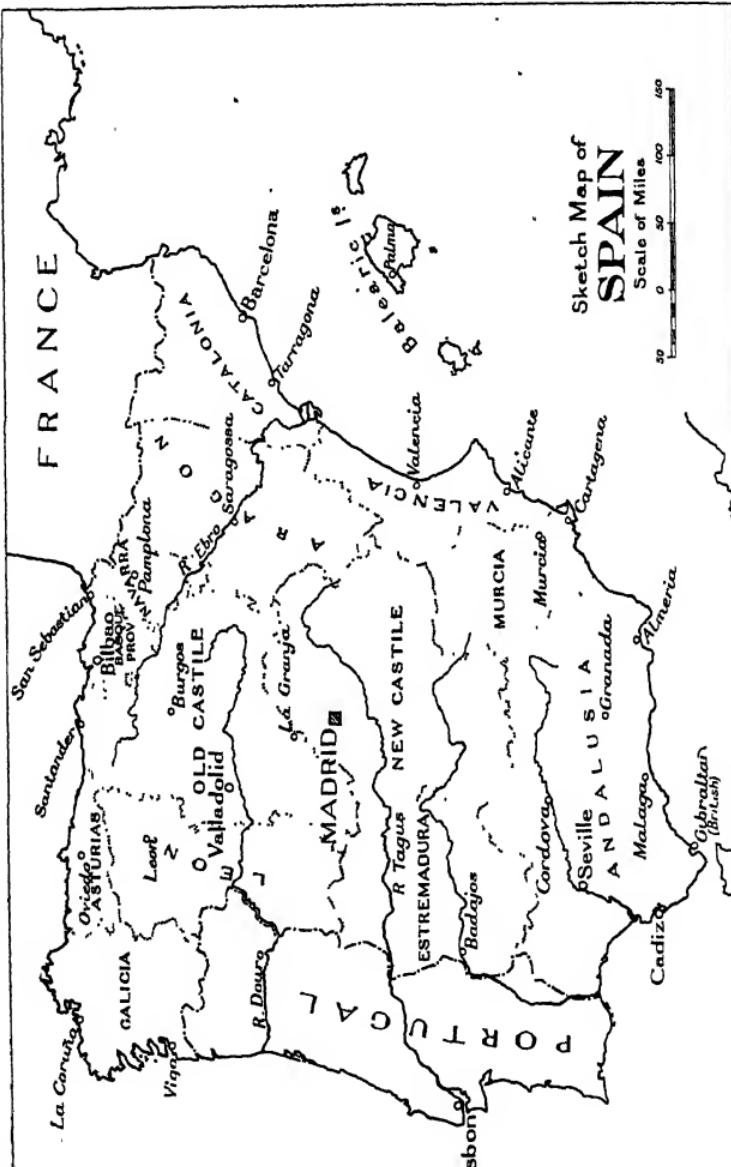
SPAIN IN REVOLT: 1814-1931

Sketch Map of
SPAIN

Scale of Miles



A horizontal scale bar with tick marks and numerical labels. The labels are 50, 0, 50, 100, 100, and 150. The first 50 is on the left, followed by a short line segment with tick marks. The 0 is at the center. The next 50 is on the right, followed by another line segment with tick marks. The 100 is on the right, followed by another line segment with tick marks. The next 100 is on the right, followed by another line segment with tick marks. The 150 is on the right, followed by another line segment with tick marks.



CHAPTER I

THE PERJURY OF KING FERDINAND

IN the middle of the tenth century, when Europe at large touched the lowest depth of the Dark Ages, the southern half of Spain bore the most brilliant civilization that had been seen since the days of Pericles, a civilization, indeed, in many regards far superior to that of ancient Greece.

No slave-tilled estates fed the Spanish Moors and Jews, as they had fed the Romans ; no gold was stolen from conquered weaker races. A patient and skilful agriculture, a superb craftsmanship, and the most honourable commerce in the world created the wealth which circulated freely from the Caliph's many palaces to the remotest village. With light taxation Abd-al-Rahman III drew an ungrudged income of about £6,000,000 a year, and he could build in memory of the favourite of his harem a dream-palace that cost £20,000,000. His chief minister could send him a New Year's gift worth a million sterling. Ten miles of marble palaces, with the fairest gardens in the world, edged what are now the squalid banks of the Guadal-

quivir at Cordova, and many thousands of students, of all races and religions, thronged the world-famed colleges or wandered in the great mosque on which the Caliphs spent £60,000,000. Yet there was no poverty, no unemployment, no illiteracy, little crime ; while the inevitable distresses of life were met by such generous charities that no use could be found for the large fortune which the Caliph's favourite lady left to relieve them. Europe had never before, and has never since, seen so generally happy, prosperous, and refined a people.

In the middle of the eighteenth century, or eight hundred years later, the whole of Spain had a population of only eight million souls, or about one-fourth the number of those who had once prospered in half the Peninsula. The beautiful cities which had in the tenth century housed from quarter to half a million people in spacious comfort and with perfect cleanliness had shrunk to beggarly towns in which very few fragments of the old splendour survived. The stately cathedrals which the Spaniards had added to them now looked upon a people that seemed to have lost the power of artistic and literary creation. The streets were congested with whining beggars, and filth lay upon pavements that had in places not been touched since the days of the Moors. In the lean villages silk was now as rare as soap or books. The hills, which had once been terraced and irrigated,

bearing their two or three crops a year, were dead and brown, and troops of brigands issued from them to command the neglected roads. Poverty, disease, and crime saddened the face of the beautiful land. And by a supreme irony these folk boasted daily how their Ferdinand and Isabella had annihilated the Moors and Jews.

With the growth of enlightenment in the eighteenth century educated Spaniards began to aspire to rise to at least the level of contemporary civilization. Charles III had in 1759 been summoned to the throne from Naples. Here, too, the splendour and prosperity which the Saracens and Frederic II had given southern Italy were forgotten. Not very many years earlier the Neapolitan ladies had gathered, with boxes of sweetmeats and wine, on the balconies round the central square to see a visionary nun, condemned by the Inquisition, her robes and hair saturated with resin and oil, set afire by two Spanish monks. Not very many years later the lazzaroni would, in the same square and under the palace windows, cook and eat the dead bodies of the liberals whom they had murdered.

But in the cities of north Italy the spirit of the great Frederic had never become quite extinct, and from there King Charles had brought a lawyer and statesman, the Marquis de Tanucci, who had embraced the ideals of the French philosophers. Charles brought to Spain a

memory of what those ideals effected, and he looked round with amazed disgust at his new kingdom. He allowed Count D'Aranda, who had learned the French ideals from Frederic the Great and was a friend of Voltaire, to expel the Jesuits, suppress the bandits, and clean and light the streets of Madrid, to the great anger of the people. But the new ideals steadily won adherents as the century passed. The population, which had sunk in seven centuries from thirty to six millions, was doubled in the course of the eighteenth century. Apart from the middle-class and a proportion of the quarter of a million priests, monks, and nuns who were supported by ten million people, not one in twenty could read, and, when the idealists who carried the French Revolution were replaced by the terrorists, it was easy to check the liberal statesmen and the growth of liberalism in Spain. As very few in England to-day know the truth about the French Revolution and view it through an Orczy nightmare, we can easily understand the reaction in illiterate Spain.

But there remained in the cities of Spain so large and devoted a body of men and women who shared the new ideals that they lived on through terrors far worse than those which France had witnessed, in spite of Inquisition and police and censors, and they and their children sustained the long and heroic struggle for more than a century until they won the victory that

we have lately seen. Charles IV, son of the reformer, an honest, humane, muddle-headed man, had kept the liberal statesmen in office until the second stage of the French Revolution began, but he had married an Italian princess who was as vicious as she was fanatical and imperious. Her amorous eye had fallen upon a handsome guardsman of obscure rank, and Madrid people laughed openly when she made her lover—"The Sausage-Maker" was his popular name—the first minister of Spain in succession to the great and liberal D'Aranda. How this man nervously held the reins of Spain while Napoleon dragged on one side and England on the other does not concern us here, but the complexion of the court throws much light on the subsequent conduct of Ferdinand the Butcher, the monarch who tried to drown liberalism in its blood.

The Spanish historian Rodriguez-Solis says of Queen Maria Luisa, in the words of a contemporary, that "her irregular life introduced the most licentious customs into the court, and her disorderly passion for her favourite, Godoy, led her to load him with honours and distinctions." No serious historian doubts the licence of her conduct—she once had three known lovers at the same time—but we may protest that it was not necessary to introduce these things from Italy. The court of Philip IV, says Major Hume, the chief authority on it,

had been “the gayest and wickedest court since the days of Elagabalus”; which, if Major Hume really knew the morals of Elagabalus, is the last word in moral invective. Charles III, it is true, had chastened the court, but under Maria Luisa it was the joke of Europe. One must tell these things in part because there are writers who represent that the struggle against liberalism was inflamed by a zeal for virtue, but chiefly because it explains the education of Ferdinand. The boy was sixteen years old when Napoleon began to intrigue in Spain, and Maria Luisa, his mother, and Godoy wished to divert his interest from politics to preserve their power. His accommodating tutor, Canon Escoiquiz, was instructed not to stress the decalogue, and the youth turned to the most vulgar dissipations.

The royal lovers made, however, one mistake in the education of Ferdinand—they married him to the daughter of Caroline of Naples, the virago who had seduced (through Lady Hamilton) even Nelson into betraying his duty and lending her the aid of a British fleet in her savage campaign against liberalism in Naples. There is another story which ought to be told. Caroline’s daughter, though consumptive, brought to Madrid and infused into her husband all her mother’s ambition and hatred of liberalism. She died early, but Ferdinand had learned his lesson. Being “a sport,” which seems to be a more esteemed quality in kings than virtue

or service, he was immensely popular in Madrid, and he made use of this to organize a conspiracy to dethrone his father and mother and Godoy, if not (it is not quite clear) to assassinate them. Thus at the age of twenty-two he stole the crown from his father by a piece of treachery that has few parallels in modern history. However, Napoleon carried him off to France and kept him prisoner in Talleyrand's château at Valençay for seven years. Talleyrand, in presenting a lengthy bill of damages to Napoleon, observed that he did not mind Ferdinand's many mistresses and could even tolerate his vulgar and dirty ways, but he did object to a prince who cheated at cards.

No one questions that these are the notes of his character. In the Cambridge Modern History Professor Altamira describes him as "rancorous, cruel, disloyal, ungrateful and unscrupulous." Major Hume, who was no radical, says of him in his history that "in his own person he centred all the evil qualities of both his Bourbon and Hapsburg ancestors without one of their virtues," and describes him as "a prince who through the whole of a long life, belied every promise, betrayed every friend, repaid every sacrifice by persecution, and rewarded love and attachment by cruelty and injustice." We shall know him a little better presently, but he was filling his days and nights with the grossest pleasures at Valençay while

the Spaniards were making their spirited struggle to expel the French. "I have for enemy," Joseph wrote to Napoleon when the emperor had made him king of Spain, "a whole nation of twelve million souls, hating me and thirsting for my life."

It is true that, as we shall see, some thousands of Spaniards associated amiably with the French officers, but the general attitude was one of fierce hostility, and we must not suppose that it was the Napoleonic armies who sowed liberalism in Spain. The body of liberals had steadily grown since the days of D'Aranda, and by the year 1812 it included certainly the majority of the middle-class townsmen, who had at least for some years enjoyed French literature without censorship. A dozen Spanish writers now purveyed the same liberal and humanitarian ideals. Hence when the Provisional Government which the Spaniards appointed settled in Cadiz, out of reach of the French, it was besieged from all parts of Spain with demands of reform. There were as yet no republicans, nor was there any substantial request for the disestablishment of the Church. But there was a unanimous demand for a liberal Constitution, for the curtailment of the privileges of the nobles and clergy, and for the suppression of the Inquisition. On these lines the Cortes at Cadiz framed the Constitution of 1812, for which the liberals

were to fight with magnificent spirit during half a century.

Some of the references to this Constitution in writers on Spain are misleading. Only the grosser polemical writers represent it as aiming at republicanism and secularism, but more responsible writers often suggest that it was too close an imitation of the Constitution set up by the French revolutionaries to be acceptable to the Spanish nation. These writers seem incautiously to have admitted popular legends about the French Revolution. Only a few years ago an American historical writer told his readers how during the French Revolution "a light woman had been encouraged as she screamed a ribald song from the high altar of Notre Dame"—which is fantastically untrue in every single word—and even Sir Richard Lodge, in a manual which is still used in schools, tells how "the goddess was represented by a prostitute" in a "feast of reason," which is equally fantastic. The same loose ideas are still widely prevalent in regard to the period and amount of cruelty during the Revolution, the anti-religious development, and the advanced nature of the Constitution. The French Constitution fell short of the American, on which it was modelled, and the Spanish was still more moderate. It set up a constitutional monarchy with a very limited suffrage, and it claimed no right which we do not regard to-day as a

political platitude. It is partisan writers who misrepresent these things in order to lessen the terrible guilt of monarchy and Church in the long Spanish struggle.

At Cadiz the original Junta had appointed Regents, and these had been compelled by the pressure of the country to summon the ancient Cortes or occasional Parliament. It was these representatives of the people who framed the Constitution. Naturally, the illiterate ninety per cent of the nation knew about this Constitution only what the priests and monks told them. In few villages of Spain was there any literate person except the priest, while there was one priest or monk to every fifty adults. A few of these were liberal, since the liberals had then no design to disestablish the Church, and had been elected to the Cortes, but the overwhelming majority naturally and violently resented political interference with the Inquisition, and the monks and nuns in particular knew that the liberals threatened them. The last census had shown that there were in the impoverished country more than a hundred and fifty thousand priests, monks, and nuns, as well as a vast crowd of "nobles" and of professional beggars, all of whom despised work. It is ingenuous to imagine that the ministers of the Church were not, as a rule, mortally hostile to liberalism and the Constitution.

Napoleon released Ferdinand when he saw

the ring of steel closing round France, and Ferdinand began to negotiate with the representatives of the people at Cadiz. They informed him that King and Cortes were now equal in passing laws and raising taxes, and that they would not receive him into Spain unless he accepted the Constitution, and would not recognize his kingship until he had solemnly sworn before the Cortes to respect it. He made an evasive reply, as regards the Constitution, though he clearly said that he would co-operate with the Cortes, which had met at Madrid in the early part of 1814. One might criticize the liberal statesmen for not exacting a more explicit promise before Ferdinand was permitted to enter Spain, but they probably felt that even the most solemn oath taken before the king reached Madrid would be of no avail. They sent a loyal regiment to meet him at the frontier, and he was to be conducted by the shortest route to Madrid and take the oath at once. All this was undone by the intrigues of the king and the ignorant enthusiasm of the peasantry. His agents preceded Ferdinand and represented to the people that their exiled and suffering monarch, for whom they had fought and endured for years, had come back to them, and groups of either paid mercenaries or genuine reactionaries capped the general enthusiasm by crying "Death to the Liberals and the Constitution." Ferdinand altered his route, lin-

gered several weeks on his journey, and visited the cities where the reception was best prepared.

Broadly it was a division of the peasantry, who formed four-fifths of the nation, the nobles, whose privileges were curtailed, and the Church against the middle-class. "Unquestionably," says Hume, "Madrid itself, like Cadiz and other large cities, was in the main liberal." Ferdinand so far acknowledged this that he had to proceed by treachery and deceit in spite of the provincial enthusiasm. At Valencia he signed a decree in which he repudiated the Constitution and all the acts of the Regents and the Cortes. But he not only prevented it from reaching Madrid but even in this decree he promised to summon the Cortes "as soon as order is restored," and he made a loathsome hypocritical disavowal of his real intentions. There was to be no despotism. "I hate and detest it," he said; "it is no longer consistent with the enlightenment and civilization of European nations." He solemnly promised "individual liberty and security both of persons and property." This was the king whom the bulk of the Spaniards welcomed; and meantime he had sent to Madrid one of the most truculent anti-liberals amongst his generals to perpetrate his first act of treachery.

General Eguia is described by a contemporary as "more of a beast than a man," but it means rather that he had the temper of the Inquisition,

of which he was a great admirer. He rode into Madrid with his troops but affably pretended that he was to co-operate with the liberals. Secretly he obtained from the clergy the names of thirty or forty pivotal men of the liberal movement and he encouraged the monks to prepare the lower orders of the city for action. On the night of May 11th, the citizens of Madrid, their houses and balconies gaily decorated for the coming of the king, went unsuspecting to bed, and during the night Eguia and his cavalry arrested all the members of the Regency, all the Councillors of State, and all the chief liberal members of the Cortes. The President of the Cortes had been secretly won, and he was later rewarded with a bishopric. The glare of lights and sound of cavalry aroused the city, and the illiterate workers massed before the jail and demanded the blood of the prisoners. Next day the mob was given rein, and every emblem of liberalism and the Constitution was destroyed. On the walls was now posted the Valencia decree, and the leaderless liberals, cowed by Eguia's cavalry, shuddered with apprehension. Fifteen years earlier another Ferdinand, also a Spaniard, had come back to his kingdom of Naples after a victory over liberalism, and he and the mob, with the aid of Nelson, had fallen upon the fifty thousand liberals of the city in a murderous fury. What was going to happen at Madrid ?

Well, there was little or no bloodshed, many historians observe ; but they might add, as an offset to the lamentable conduct of Nelson at Naples, that it was Wellington, as official representative of England, who prevented Ferdinand from carrying out his full plan. It is scarcely true that on the morning of May 13th Ferdinand rode in "through a sad and well-nigh silent population," as Hume says. The majority of the inhabitants, though not of the educated class, remembered his popularity, imagined his sufferings in exile, and warmly greeted him as a man who had come to restore the desolation of the land. But Ferdinand's one idea was vengeance. More arrests were made, and the judges were ordered to sentence the prisoners. Most of them were, like the middle-class generally, imbued with the new ideals, and they replied that there had been no infringement of the civil law. Even conservative judges refused to lend their office to the king's brutality. Spies and informers had spread over the city, and men and women were flung into the jails and the barracks simply because they were liberals. The charge against one man was that he had taken pleasure in attending the sittings of the Cortes. Houses were searched, servants were suborned, and the possession of a liberal book or a copy of the Constitution was held to be a crime.

Then the man who had repudiated despotism

so eloquently and had promised liberty of person and property issued a savage decree against the prisoners whom his judges refused to condemn. Five of the chief leaders of the liberal movement were condemned to eight years in the galleys ; which, for refined and educated men, meant a sentence of slow torture until they died. Six liberal priests who had been deputies to the Cortes were sentenced to imprisonment in monasteries for periods of four to six years. Other men were condemned to imprisonment in fortresses, often of a fetid description, in the colonies, for eight or ten years. The rest were banished, and few could take any property with them into exile with their wives and children. In the dead of night, within a week of Christmas, they were all sent to their ghastly destinations. Then Ferdinand turned upon the larger body of those who had been on friendly terms with the French, as he himself had been. He had written amiable letters to Joseph Bonaparte and had sworn to Napoleon that he would not molest the pro-French citizens of Madrid. His spies now drew up the lists, and twelve thousand men, women and children were banished either from Spain or from its capital. Many of these and of the refugees who had escaped were soon begging their bread in London or Marseilles.

Even the other reactionary powers of Europe warmly protested to the Spanish court and treated Ferdinand with contempt. Napoleon

broke away from Elba, and Ferdinand offered Spanish troops to oppose him. The offer was coldly rejected. At the Council of Vienna the Spaniards were ignominiously snubbed, and Ferdinand was not invited to join the Holy Alliance for the preservation of feudalism in Europe. But Ferdinand ignored them all and went on to worse excesses. It was announced that a conspiracy, of which there is no evidence, had been discovered. Eighty arrests were made in Madrid, a thousand in Cadiz and Seville, and a reign of terror began in all the large towns of Spain. Hubbard says in his *History of Contemporary Spain* that at Cadiz the royalist general "entered the churches and massacred all who did not seem to say their prayers with sufficient fervour." The country was, in fact, very much as I saw it in 1924, when De Rivera's regiments of soldiers, gendarmes, and armed police entered any train and listened, if they could, to every conversation. The Inquisition was restored, and the possession of an English liberal paper exposed one to its action. The Pope's Nuncio largely directed the campaign, and his chief lieutenant was Don Carlos's confessor, a licentious priest who later came under the Inquisition for debauching a convent of nuns. The Jesuits were restored, and they were no idle spectators of the tragedy. Spying became the most profitable of occupations, and only two papers, which were as mendacious as they were orthodox, were per-

mitted to circulate. Yet all this was merely a preliminary skirmish in the war of Whites and Blacks, a mild foretaste of what Ferdinand VII was prepared to do to protect his squalid throne.

CHAPTER II

THE BLOODLESS LIBERAL REVOLUTION

IN our polite age it is customary to omit from our teaching of European history the terrible sufferings, during half a century after Waterloo, which were inflicted upon the men and women of Spain, Portugal and Italy who demanded those very elementary human rights which were won in England a century ago. We still, it is true, stress the horrors of a certain short period in the course of the French Revolution, though we generally fail to point out that nearly nine-tenths of the victims were revolutionary working men or small middle-class men who fell in their mutual political struggles, but we leave people so ignorant of the destruction of the finest stocks in Spain, Portugal and Italy that they adopt a tone of superiority toward what they call the lack of energy in the Latin nations. Perhaps we should hear less about "dagoes" if our people were properly instructed that, while there may have been twenty thousand victims in the two sombre years of terror in France, more than half a million men and women lost their lives in the struggle for elementary rights,

in Spain, Portugal and Italy, yet the fight was heroically sustained decade after decade.

But one must resent even more strongly the suggestion that these liberals, as it is correct to call them, for hardly any of them as yet were republicans, were an eccentric or dissipated minority who threatened the virtue and piety of the majority. A short account of Ferdinand and his court after the recovery of power will suffice to show this. I have several times applied the words brutal or sordid to Ferdinand, but it is a mild expression of the facts. He did not, of course, summon a Cortes, as he had promised, and the ministers whom he appointed were mere puppets in his hands. In six years fourteen ministers were deposed and some were degraded. The real royal council was a group, or camarilla, as the Spaniards say, of court favourites, to which it is mild to apply the word sordid. At the head of the group was the Duke d'Alagon who at night used, with some others, including women of easy virtue, to accompany Ferdinand in his coarse adventures in the lower quarters and wineshops of Madrid. Second in his favour was Pedro Collado, formerly a water-carrier, whose one virtue was that his buffoonery respected no bounds of decency. His only other duty, besides amusing the king with coarse jokes and scandals about ladies, was to watch the kitchen and see that the food was not poisoned. The king's valet and his doctor also belonged to the

group. Another man was an ex-porter. Ferdinand's chief pleasure was to sit with this unsavoury set, distribute the royal cigars amongst them, discuss the sprightly adventures of last night and plan further exploits, probably in the company of a few bull-fighters and loose women. The king had not the least idea of royal dignity. Any person who had either a secret liberal to denounce or a new scandal or a good story to tell could get access to him.

Some writers count the Papal Nuncio and the Russian ambassador as members of the camarilla, but we may assume that the former, at least, was merely a very familiar figure at court. Of his character I find no evidence, but the other members of the group were as corrupt as they were licentious. When the South American colonies revolted and thousands of troops had to be shipped oversea, it was found that Spain had neither transports nor warships to accompany them. Russia benevolently came to its aid with eight small ships, for which more than £2,000,000 was paid out of the impoverished public treasury. Not one of the ships was seaworthy. It was a heartless swindle, and Ferdinand, the Russian ambassador, and the members of the camarilla shared the money. They all trafficked in public offices, which they sold and resold, and the administration filled with incompetent men. Trade and industry sank lower ; while the number of priests, monks,

nuns, agents of the Inquisition, and spies of the court rose appallingly. Our very polite *Gentleman's Magazine*, referring to Ferdinand while he still lived, spoke of "the proved imbecility of his understanding." But however much he resembled Nero in his cruelty and coarseness and nocturnal adventures, he was not at all insane; and none of his spiritual advisers rebuked him.

Such was the régime which the nobles and clergy and most of the military commanders contemplated with equanimity for several years. Naturally there were revolts, for the country was sunk in poverty while the royal grafters flourished. A naval officer was found dead of famine in his apartments. On one occasion a high officer presented himself at court in summer uniform in December. When Ferdinand reminded him that it was winter, he said: "Yes, sire, but the budget is only at July." The pirates of the African coast landed with impunity on Spanish soil and stole people for slavery, and the Dutch fleet had to be paid to police the coast. But it was difficult to do anything. The liberal leaders were in exile or dead. The royal guards at least were promptly paid, and the censorship was so rigid that one got ten years in prison for being found in possession of the *London Times*. There were a few pathetic insurrections, but they were easily crushed, and torture was used on the arrested to make them

betray other liberals. General Lacy organized a conspiracy in Catalonia in 1817. It was betrayed, but Lacy was sure the king dare not hurt him in Catalonia. He was smuggled to Majorca and there secretly put to death. Next year there was a plot in Valencia. The spies discovered it, and some members of it were killed, and a hundred and nineteen sympathizers were handed over to the Inquisition, which still used the vilest mediaeval instruments of torture, as we shall presently see.

When the vice-royalties in South America, which had revolted some years earlier, had worn down the royalist troops, and Ferdinand called for a large new army to cross the Atlantic, the distress in the country reached a point at which revolution seemed inevitable. What happened shows how false it is to represent that the liberals were a minority who at various times succeeded in enforcing ideals which were repugnant to the great majority. Naturally the vast body of the illiterate peasants were hostile to liberal ideals, but there was no question in any country of the world of permitting illiterates to control the destiny of a nation. The issue in Spain was simply whether the educated class should, as in England, be represented in a permanent Cortes. It was not in England considered an impressive argument against reform that the peasants did not desire it. In regard to the Church the only point in the programme of the liberals was that

the Inquisition should be suppressed. On this point the overwhelming majority of the educated men of Spain were agreed. As to the liberals enforcing their wishes, we shall see that they now obtained power without any violence ; that in spite of the galling tyranny they had endured for years there were no reprisals ; and that it was foreign powers who sent their armies into Spain and restored the despotic monarch.

The revolt was necessarily military in its beginning. The large army which Ferdinand proposed to send to South America, if and when ships could be hired, lay at and near Cadiz in a condition not far from mutiny. Supplies were very poor, money was unobtainable, and yellow fever was ravaging the camps. In these wretched conditions they were to go and fight Spaniards like Bolivar in South America for the sake of the dissipated camarilla at Madrid. Liberal agents or Freemasons, who were now very numerous, sounded the officers and found a general willingness to rebel. They then approached General O'Donnell and General Sarsfield, the first and second in command, and were encouraged to believe that they would lead the revolt. One regrets to have to tell that these Spanish commanders with Irish blood in their veins were as treacherous as Ferdinand. O'Donnell changed sides many times and was distrusted by all, but his co-operation was needed and he seems clearly to have promised it. In the clubs at

Cadiz officers and citizens openly drank to the success of the revolution. O'Donnell moved the troops on which the liberals chiefly relied to Palmar, a few miles away. They were drawn up on parade in expectation of O'Donnell's declaration of revolt when, instead, he sent Sarsfield with a large force of cavalry to disarm them and arrest all the officers. They were sent to join the earlier rebels in the fortresses.

Fortunately for the liberals a vigorous subordinate commander, Major Riego, espoused their cause, and on January 1st, 1820, he declared in favour of the Constitution. There the military part of the revolt almost ended, for in a few months Riego and a handful of followers were in hiding in the mountains. But the news fell upon Spain like a spark upon a powder-magazine. Town after town declared in favour of the Constitution of 1812. At Saragossa, for instance, a very Catholic town, the entire population "except the clergy" (says Hume) met in the central square. The municipal and military officers, the landowners, the merchants and professional men, joined with the people in a solemn demand that the king accept the Constitution. The news spread to other cities, and they had the same demonstrations. "Almost everywhere," Hume says, "the authorities were forced by the citizens to proclaim the Constitution." General O'Donnell now realized that he had chosen the wrong side, and he

promptly went over to the people. There was in nearly all the cities and large towns of Spain an overwhelming demand, in which the illiterate workers joined, for the summoning of the Cortes and the acceptance of the Constitution. It was not merely a bloodless victory, a revolution, as Lord Liverpool said, accompanied by less excesses than any other in history. It was a plain and emphatic expression of the will of the majority, apart from the clergy and the peasants.

Ferdinand saw at once that he must submit. He first tried a pompous message in the *Gazette* to the effect that he contemplated "a new organization of the Council of State which would, in conference with the highest tribunals, discuss what they thought best for the good government of the realm." Madrid jeered at the feeble device, and its cafés and streets resounded with Spanish oratory, which is, perhaps, the most fluent in the world, while pamphlets now circulated openly. Within three days Ferdinand published in the *Gazette* another message promising to summon the Cortes at once (though not yet, as Hume incorrectly says, accepting the Constitution). This appeared on the morning of March 7th, and the citizens, suspending their work, packed the Puerta del Sol and the adjoining streets and poured in frothy streams toward the palace. Ferdinand's corrupt favourites fled when they looked out upon the angry crowds, and his generals told him that he had no loyal

force to suppress the revolt. All Spain wanted the Constitution. His throne itself was in danger if he continued to resist. He signed a new decree, which was published next morning, in which he said : "I have decided to take the oath to the Constitution promulgated by the Cortes of 1812."

Madrid was aflame with enthusiasm and gaiety all that day, but the only reprisals on the men who had terrorized it for years were such innocent cruelties as that if a group of young men carrying a copy of the Constitution met one of the reactionaries they would make him kneel and kiss it. The only bloodshed was at Cadiz where a fanatical royalist commander, seeing the citizens rejoice, as everywhere else, at the news from Madrid, led his cavalry upon the unarmed and peaceful crowd of men, women, and children. Hundreds were wounded, and eleven were killed in the street. At Madrid a deputation of all classes of the citizens waited respectfully on the king to ask for the restoration of their municipality, the abolition of the Inquisition, and the formation of a Provisional Junta until the Cortes should meet. All requests, as well as a general amnesty, were granted in a series of decrees which Ferdinand now signed " King by the grace of God and the Constitution of the Spanish Nation." In the great Ambassador's Salon of the palace, in the presence of a large and representative gathering, the royal

perjurer took his first oath to observe the Constitution. He went on to the balcony and assured the vast crowd that cheered him that he would keep his oath. To the country he issued a most fervent proclamation, calling upon all to co-operate with him under the Constitution.

There were, therefore, still very few republicans in Spain, and there was so little quarrel with the Church that the Cardinal de Bourbon accepted the position of head of the Provisional Government. Before long the prelates would discover that it was improper for the secular power to interfere with a sacred office like the Inquisition. In point of fact, Spanish Catholic writers excuse the Church from guilt in the 341,042 people it had put to death—the criticisms of this figure, which was given by its ex-secretary Llorente are frivolous—by urging that it was always a royal, not an ecclesiastical, institution. However that may be, and though it had put few to death in modern times, the grossness of its juridical procedure, its tortures, its spies, and its alliance with the royal despotism made it odious to all but extreme Catholics, and there was no other point on which the country was so nearly unanimous. The dungeons were opened by royal order, and pale, scarred figures were brought out to be greeted by enthusiastic crowds. Then the crowd forced its way into the prisons of the Inquisition in various cities, brought out on to the street the grim instruments of torture

that had been used for three centuries, and broke or burned them. A friend of mine twenty years ago, a Spanish Jew, still treasured the knocker torn from the door of the palace of the Inquisition at Seville in which hundreds of his race had been tortured.

In the next week or two from ten to twenty thousand exiles and refugees returned home amidst delirious rejoicing. It is really extraordinary, and most honouring to the Spanish nation as well as a proof of the national will, that so few outrages were committed upon the vile army of Ferdinand's spies and officers. Crowds went about the streets everywhere singing the Spanish Marseillaise, the Hymn of Riego—a song composed for Riego's troops—and roaring out the popular phrase "Tragala, perro," or "Swallow it (the Constitution), you dog." Yet not a life was sacrificed, and the obstinate reactionaries who refused to accept the Constitution were merely deprived by the Cortes of the honours bestowed on them since 1814. Ferdinand was compelled now to announce an election, and he hoped that at least there would be a large body of what he called loyalists returned. The election, on a limited but just franchise, was quite free and orderly, yet not a single absolutist was returned, even among the few clerical deputies. So, concealing the intrigues which he had already begun, he donned his blue and gold coat, his crimson velvet

vest and breeches, and his load of diamonds, and drove to the opening of the Cortes. The church bells rang, the cannon roared, and all Madrid lined the route and cheered itself hoarse. And Ferdinand again solemnly swore that he would uphold the Constitution ; and he went back to his palace to frame plots for its defeat. One such plot, to get the king to Burgos, had already been disclosed.

This was in the summer of 1820, and there is no need here to tell all the troubles of the next two years. Let us hope that the present Spanish government will carefully study the blunders and disasters and intrigues that brought about the end of the brilliant triumph of 1820. The two Parliaments (Cortes) which met in the period of liberal power did splendid work which is often overlooked in the account of quarrels and intrigues. Spain was, economically and intellectually, in a ghastly condition when the liberals took it over, yet at least they traced the lines of reform wisely and firmly. The chief blunder was one due to a feeling of honour, and no one seems to have reminded them how a similar high-minded blunder had led to trouble in revolutionary France. There the men of high character and ability who framed the Constitution, a very moderate document, had made a self-denying ordinance, that they would seek and accept no office under the new Constitution. The natural effect was to fill the Assembly with

inferior men who lost their heads in the panic caused by invading foreign armies, and drifted into the Terror. So in Spain the members of the first Cortes were not to seek office in the second, and less experienced men were returned.

But I do not propose to tell at any length the pathetic story of 1820-23, because it seems to me certain that if the European powers (except England) had not determined to destroy the constitutional régime in Spain and had not sent a formidable French army to effect this, the Spaniards would have surmounted their difficulties. The first was the division of parties which at once, and quite naturally, disclosed itself. An assembly or party without its right and left wings would be either a miracle or a body in which thinking was not permitted. This difference was not at first serious. They agreed to suppress the Jesuits, check the monastic orders, endow and encourage education as rapidly as possible, and curtail the ancient privileges of the nobles. They unanimously voted a most generous allowance to the king, in spite of the national poverty. The budget of 1822-23 disposed of a sum of only 664,000,000 reals, yet nearly a twelfth of the whole went to the king. There were at this time, Hubbard says, not ten republicans in Madrid.

But the new freedom of speech and of the press and the sullen opposition of the king and the Church led to a widening of the distance

between the parties. The Pope's Nuncio censured every measure that touched the vast wealth of the Church and the monasteries. The bishops refused to allow priests to explain the Constitution from the pulpit. The king was urged by his clerical advisers to resist, he signed the laws and decrees with sour reluctance, and he at last quitted Madrid and buried himself in the country palace of the Escorial. He was persuaded to return, and there seemed to be a complete reconciliation, but the radical body grew and republicans multiplied. This occurred especially in the early months of 1821, when a plot to restore despotism was discovered. Naturally one can give no proof that, as everybody in Madrid believed, the king was privy to it, but one of his chaplains had drafted the scheme and it had the touch of Ferdinand about it. The leading politicians were to be invited to the palace and treacherously arrested. After this Ferdinand could not appear in the streets of Madrid without a shower of insults. The workers themselves in the cities were solidly on the side of the liberals. Ferdinand made matters worse by appealing, in an address to the Cortes, to "the sound part of the nation, the majority," to protect him from insults. The insults were doubled. The first blood was shed. The priest Vinuesa, who was the author of the plot, was dragged out of the prison at Madrid by a crowd, and killed. From this time there were bloody

conflicts between Blacks and Whites in various cities. The second Cortes was more radical than the first, and the royalists were exasperated.

Instead of the country having repented of its enthusiasm of the year 1820, it was rapidly advancing, and it now complained of the moderation of the king's liberal ministers. Royalist refugees abroad and the king's agents intrigued, and several regiments, especially of the royal guards, became mutinous and insolent. A company of the guards at Madrid slew its own officer when he forbade them to attack citizens. The municipal militia, which was solidly loyal to the Cortes, entered into a bitter feud against these rustic and highly paid servants of the king, and there was fear of civil war. Some of the regiments of the guard mutinied and refused to disarm when they were surrounded, so that a few were shot. Everybody believed, and most historians admit, that Ferdinand had caused the mutiny. There were still no reprisals, and the moderation of the government was heavily blamed. Disaffection and rioting spread.

But there is no need to go into all this. The outstanding fact is that the despotic monarchs of Europe were determined to crush, and did crush, constitutionalism in Spain. Its internal troubles were a pretext, and they were grossly misrepresented as the deeds of the French Revolution had been. I look up, for instance, the London *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1822,

when the king had provoked a mutiny, yet had suffered nothing but a shower of insults from the mob, and this is the report put before English readers :

The farce of the monarchical government in Spain draws near to its conclusion. By a late act of the Cortes, disbanding the royal regiment of Carabineers, the king has been stripped of even this puny protection of his bodyguard, and in this state he is, of course, exposed to the mercy of the populace, who will soon dispose of him by violence, should the prominent party in the Cortes forbear to remove him from the scene by gentle means (p. 553).

The king's life was, in spite of his known treachery, never in the slightest danger, and he still had his guard and all the militia of Madrid to protect it. But England had in those days a splendid record of assisting the men who in Europe and South America struggled for their rights ; and even the *Gentleman's Magazine* after that date tells the truth about Spain. In other countries, in France, Italy, Austria, Prussia and Russia, the state of Spain was steadily misrepresented as a preparation for intervention.

A student at an important English university, in training for teaching, told me that in the course of general European history his professor had taken them very minutely over the whole ground as far as the year 1820—and there left

them to find the facts for themselves. In a large batch of manuals of history I scarcely find one that gives pupils even a moderately just idea of the ghastly means that were adopted by most of the monarchs of Europe to retain this mediaeval despotism between 1820-1860. The result is that people have a grossly unfair estimate of the energy and enterprise of the Latin nations. They were bludgeoned and bled white by the powers of the Holy Alliance, for the sole purpose of extinguishing the demand for the very modest rights and liberties that the Spaniards had won.

Naples and Piedmont, for instance, had, in spite of repressions as fierce as any Terror at Paris, been fired by the success of Spain and had again driven out their tyrants. The Neapolitan Ferdinand, whom Thayer calls "a liar and debauchee," and Bolton King describes as "a brutish, illiterate, superstitious tyrant," was for the second time driven from the country. In what we are so apt to call a land of laziness and lethargy, there were then three-quarters of a million Carbonari, which meant at that time the most educated men of south Italy (lawyers, doctors, landowners, etc.), and they swept out Ferdinand and his troops. The Austrian army brought him back, but he had to swear to adopt the Spanish Constitution of 1812. After High Mass in the cathedral he, with his hand on the gospels, took this oath :

Omnipotent God, who with thine infinite gaze readest the soul and the future, if I lie or intend to break this oath, do thou at this instant hurl upon my head the lightning of thy vengeance.

So had he sworn before, and he turned to the Carbonaro general who stood near him and said : “ This time I have sworn from the bottom of my heart.” He had not the least idea of observing the oath, and the clergy rejoiced with him when his police presently drew up lists of four thousand rebels and he fell upon them with savagery. A few years later King Miguel of Portugal would take a similar oath, and then fall truculently upon a hundred thousand of his subjects. In north Italy also the Austrians reduced the “ rebels ” and the land witnessed horrible barbarities.

These reports came to Spain and led to further trouble. It was known that Ferdinand was imploring the European powers to conquer his “ rebels ” for him, and that the royalists had set up what they called a Regency in the provinces and had appealed to France. The French king gave immunity, if not financial assistance, to the royalist plotters on his soil, and by the end of the year 1821 he had a very large army at the Pyrennean frontier. The Cortes and all Spain knew, says Major Hume, that Ferdinand’s palace was “ the focus of a vast conspiracy against the Constitution,” and that the king was

“in correspondence with Louis XVIII with the object of obtaining French support to re-establish absolutism.” So one reads in the Cambridge Modern History, and all authorities. But apart from local risings and the inevitable armed clashes of the two parties, the policy of moderation and legality was sustained. Some might suggest that it was quixotically sustained, but in the course of the year 1822 the constitutionalists generally mastered the rebels, and the so-called Regency fled to France. “The Holy Alliance,” says Hume, “now saw that they must act in earnest if they were to destroy constitutional monarchy in Spain.”

The wolf quarrelled with the lamb in the familiar way. The powers assembled in Congress at Verona solemnly received the beaten royalists, listened to their untruths, and instructed France to clear up this offensive mess in Spain. Austria, Prussia, and Russia presented notes to the Cortes, full of demonstrable falsehoods, and ordered it to “deliver” the king and abandon the Constitution. England alone protested against this selfish outrage on international law and offered its mediation, which was refused. France, under the zealous lead of that pride of French Catholic literature, Chateaubriand, gathered a hundred thousand of its finest troops at the frontier. Writers who find Spain wanting in bravery because it could not prevent this steam-roller from reaching Madrid are foolish.

Ferdinand had starved the army for years and had no fleet. The small Spanish armies that fought the French were brave enough but had no hope.

There is thus no room for reasonable dispute that the educated part of Spain (apart from the clergy) was predominantly on the side of the liberals, and that it was despotic alien powers that destroyed them. Twice in that half century France, which was still Catholic, destroyed humanitarianism abroad. The third point I would make clear is that, apart from local quarrels, the Spanish liberals acted with humanity and dignity to the end. As the French advanced, the government insisted that the king should retire south with them. It was natural enough that Ferdinand should use every stratagem, even pretending that he suffered from gout, to avoid this ; but it was just as natural that the people of Madrid should besiege his palace and revile him. His life was never in danger. At Seville he again wrangled and wriggled, and its citizens drenched him with insults. To represent the French as crusaders who were releasing the king from the hands of a few violent men and restoring him to his adoring people is a mockery of truth. But even Cadiz was taken by the French after a three months' siege. To the anger of the French commander, who threatened the city with fire and sword, the people of Cadiz refused still to deliver Ferdinand unless he gave a solemn

pledge that there should be no reprisals. He not only signed the decree they submitted, promising a "complete and absolute" pardon for all, but he strengthened the text of his own initiative. Then he crossed the bay to the French camp.

CHAPTER III

FERDINAND'S RED REVENGE

TWO or three liberal statesmen had respectfully accompanied Ferdinand VII when he crossed the bay at Cadiz to join the French. He spoke to them affably, with much appreciation of their services, as long as they were on the water, but the moment he stepped on land he turned upon them with a look of such ferocity that they ordered their boat to return in haste. It seemed clear that he was going to have them arrested while the ink was still wet on his pardon decree, and within three hours he issued a new and infamous document. He repudiated every act of the constitutional government and everything he had done since it was set up. In a second clause he endorsed everything that the Regency, set up by the French, had done at Madrid in his absence, and he knew that this included a hundred executions, sometimes with disgusting barbarity, and a general policy of terrorism. Then he hurried to Madrid to enjoy his revenge.

So very few facts in this narrative are seriously disputed that I do not find it necessary to adorn

my pages with learned footnotes and references which no one will use. Hume's *Modern Spain* (Story of the Nations Series), Professor Altamira's contribution to the Cambridge Modern History, and Professor H. D. Clarke's *Modern Spain* (in the Cambridge Historical Series) are the best authorities available in English, and I merely add details, which are quite consistent with what they say, from French and Spanish history. But it may be suspected that I exaggerate the extent or barbarism of the revolting facts contained in this and one or two later chapters, so I will first quote the general observations with which Major Hume introduces them :

Modern civilization has seen no such instance of brutal, blind ferocity as that which followed the arrival of Ferdinand at Madrid. There was neither justice nor mercy in the government of the besotted churchmen who surrounded the king. The gallows was the sole instrument and argument by which they ruled ; they prayed for the restoration of the Inquisition, though that Ferdinand dare not grant. The frenzy of intolerance and cruelty spread from the preaching friars and ignorant nobles to the brutal mob. It was sufficient for a person to have belonged to the militia, or even to be related to a known liberal, for the most inhuman tortures to be inflicted on him by the unrestrained populace, and in many cases even women were subjected to disgraceful treatment by the mob and the royalist volunteers. The authorities, far from

discouraging, smiled upon the brutal orgies of these supporters of despotism. It is a lamentable truth that much of the atrocities of this persecution was owing to the influence of the friars and the Church. A hideous ecclesiastical society, founded by the Bishop of Osma, and called "The Exterminating Angel," which spread its ramifications all over Spain, organized vengeance upon liberals; every pulpit, every monastery, every royalist club was a centre of persecution. The prisons were so full, and the ordinary tribunals so busy, that impromptu courts martial were established in all the provincial capitals, which, untrammelled by legal procedure or tradition, condemned almost unheard multitudes of good citizens whose only crime was a belief in representative government. The only two newspapers now allowed to be published, the *Gazette* and the *Restorer*, hounded on the furious hosts of ignorant men to further acts of cruelty; while the servile crowd, who gloried in their slavery, received the smiling sovereign when he appeared in his capital with cries of "Hurrah for despotism and chains; death to Liberty" (p. 256).

Since there were, according to an English paper of the time, 44,000 in prison before the end of the first year, 20,000 in voluntary or compulsory exile beyond the frontiers, and about 100,000 stripped of office and exiled from their cities, it will not be thought that Major Hume's statements are too large or rhetorical. How

many thousands were killed in formal executions or by the troops of blackguards who, calling themselves royalist volunteers, wandered over the country killing, looting, and raping, we do not know.

The chief inaugurator of this reign of terror was the king's confessor, Canon Victor Saez. When the French entered Madrid, they set up a Council of Regency, of which Ferdinand had secretly chosen the members, and Saez himself was nominated by the king "universal minister." In less than three weeks these had shot at Madrid a hundred and twelve of the leading liberals and had filled the prisons. They disbanded the national militia, which was devoted to the Constitution, and called for "royalist volunteers" to capture refugees and smoke out liberals in all parts of Spain. No doubt these bands consisted largely of Catholic peasants, but what was virtually an order to extinguish liberals without the forms of justice and at first under no discipline or authorities attracted men of the vilest character. They went about the country in troops, looting the farms and mansions, often killing the men and violating their wives and daughters. They belonged to "the army of the Faith" they said when they were challenged. In the towns the organized persecution spread horror. In Saragossa alone, which was not a particularly advanced town, fifteen hundred men and women were arrested, insulted and outraged by the mob,

and imprisoned. Five thousand were arrested in Valencia and Murcia. Other cities were equally zealous. Tribunals of purification were set up ; which means that, after the august model of the Inquisition, a group of priests and laymen sat to receive charges, never confronted the accused with their accusers, and generally regarded a denunciation as a proof. The French commander, the Duke of Angoulême, was appalled by the tens of thousands of arrests, and he ordered that no further arrest be made without French sanction. The zealots appealed to Austria and to the pietists of Paris, and Angoulême was compelled to withdraw his order. It might be malicious to add that the French got free imports with Spain and excluded English goods.

Let me give two concrete cases in order to put some human meaning into these general statements. The General Riego who had started the rebellion had been arrested as he was flying from Spain and been brought to Madrid. He was sentenced to be hanged and quartered in a public square. But this was not enough for the “army of the Faith.” He was dragged along the street in a basket at the tail of an ass, and he suffered so severely that he collapsed at the foot of the scaffold. The authorities broadcast the statement that the great Riego had at the last moment fallen on his knees and recanted—which is probably untrue—but they hanged and quartered him.

Even worse was the fate of another popular hero, the bravest of the guerilla chiefs who had fought Napoleon's troops, the gigantic Empecinado. He was caught as he made for the Portuguese frontier and tortured for ten months in the jail at Roa. During that time he was kept in an iron cage, in which he could not move, and he was sometimes deprived of food for four continuous days. On market days, when the Catholic peasants streamed in, the cage was brought into the square, and they were permitted to prod him with forks and sticks while they jeered at him. The authorities laughed when he asked them to kill him. After ten months of this they decided to hang him, but, seeing an officer in the procession derisively flourishing his own mighty sabre, he, with a terrific effort, burst his chains and died fighting. He had accepted the Constitution.

Most of this had occurred before Ferdinand reached Madrid. It was these outrages which he had publicly endorsed within three hours of swearing that there would be no reprisals. But what had been done was not enough for him. On the way to Madrid he sentenced three Regents and a general to death without trial—the French humanely enabled them to escape from the country—and he issued a decree depriving of office all who had served under the constitutional régime and banishing them from the cities. It is estimated that this ruined a

hundred thousand innocent men, to say nothing of their wives and families.

We can hardly attach any importance to the jubilant reception of Ferdinand as he rode through the decorated streets of Madrid. No one questions that the women were in the main loyal to the clergy, and that the majority of the illiterate workers would take part in any demonstration, but it is obvious that any person who did not share in the rejoicing would be denounced, as spies were paid, and put on the lengthy list of suspects. The Madrid "mob," of whose versatility historians speak so much, is not without ideas ; but we will return to that later when we find them falling with fury upon the convents and killing a hundred priests.

There followed such an orgy of brutality in the country that the Russian and French representatives demanded that Canon Saez, the chief author, be deposed. Ferdinand, who relied on French troops, had to comply, and he consoled his confessor with an archbishopric. He promised an amnesty, but his new minister of justice, an unscrupulous lawyer, son of a peasant, named Calomarde, knew how to meet the wishes of his monarch. The decree of amnesty was, says Professor Altamira, "a sanguinary farce." It pardoned all except fifteen categories of offenders, which it specified, and nearly all the men whom the king wanted to punish fell in one or other of those categories. Military commissions were

set up in all towns to consider and condemn suspects, but the king dare not restore the Inquisition, for which the clergy clamoured, and priests and bishops set up tribunals of their own or organized "juntas of the Faith" to spy upon and terrorize their neighbours. An English merchant wrote from Madrid that "fully a third of the population were in durance."

The most terrible of these unofficial bodies which the king permitted to spread over the country, was the Society of the Exterminating Angel, founded by the Bishop of Osma. Some Catholic historians have gone so far as to question the existence of this society, on the ground that there are no authentic documents to prove it. Naturally there are no official documents. It was a more or less secretly organized society, and its hooliganism could be noticed only in police reports, but the authorities were quite favourable to it. Even in the English press of the time there are messages from Spain which speak of it as one of the most notorious bodies in the country. It is said that Don Carlos, the king's brother, and his fanatical wife belonged to it, and at all events their palace in Madrid was the meeting-place of the darkest reactionaries.

For a time the French checked the brutality by threatening to withdraw their troops. In spite of the death, imprisonment, or exile of a hundred thousand liberals and the apparent preponderance of fanatical opinions, Ferdinand feared that

he would be swept again from his throne if the French departed. The other powers persuaded them to remain, and the fall of the protesting French ministry and the death of King Louis set Ferdinand free once more. There were also a few pitiful plots and invasions which gave him a pretext. The reign of terror was intensified. Domestic spying was organized. Houses were searched at all hours, and if some forgotten picture of Riego hung on the wall or some pamphlet of the old days were found, the man went to prison, and very often his wife or daughter was imprisoned for not denouncing him. A man was garrotted because he had said "Long live the Constitution" when he was drunk. There was, says Hume, "hardly a town in Spain which was not disgraced by cruelty worthy of a Nero."

It was worse in enlightened Madrid. The President of the Military Commission there, Chaperon, was so callous and ferocious that one day, when a man who was being hanged died too slowly, he pulled him down by the legs. Hume says of him :

Not even the most bloodthirsty wretches of the French Reign of Terror could surpass this man, who was held up by the party of Don Carlos as a model judge, and who condemned ladies of gentle birth and maidens of tender years and worthy citizens to hard labour in the galleys or to the scaffold on grotesquely insufficient suspicion (p. 265).

One might think that Hume unconsciously misleads his readers in mentioning women and girls and the galleys in one sentence, but we read in Hubbard's detailed history of the time, that Chaperon did actually send ladies and girls to the galleys on the charge that they had not denounced their husbands or fathers. One can easily imagine the torture they would feel at being condemned to live and work in such foul conditions amongst the vilest criminals. A lady of good family was arrested on the charge that she had permitted the singing of patriotic songs in her house, and Chaperon, who attended all executions in brilliant uniform, boasted that he was going to have her hanged. Her husband had fled abroad, and her young children suffered pitifully.

But while the authors of these brutalities were petted and encouraged in the palace of Don Carlos and his wife, and received no rebuke from the palace of King Ferdinand, large numbers of the moderate royalists were filled with disgust. When the orgy of brutality had run for a year they petitioned the king to abolish these military tribunals, which were, they said, "daily assuming more and more the character of fierce and hideous vengeance." Foreigners were openly expressing their disdain, and the European press was full of reports of the savagery. England had from the first severely denounced the persecution, and the Russian, Prussian, and

Austrian ambassadors now demanded their passports ; which were sent to them with defiantly offensive messages. Spain was being ostracized from civilization by the conduct of the king's family and their brutal military agents and fanatical clerics and monks. To the protest of the Spaniards themselves Calomarde at first issued a defiant reply, but the king was compelled to check the military tribunals.

The country meantime was approaching bankruptcy. The American colonies and their markets were definitely lost by the close of the year 1824, commerce and industry were overburdened with taxes, yet the expenditure and the deficit increased every year. The number of priests and monks had risen again to 134,316, and more than twenty thousand of the ablest and most enterprising citizens were in exile in France and England, while forty to fifty thousand were in jail. But the men who were bent on extinguishing the last spark of liberal feeling and restoring the Inquisition recked nothing of these things. The king, they now cried, was in the hands of freemason ministers, and the intrigue began to replace him on the throne by Don Carlos. Several regiments in the provinces mutinied on the cry that the Inquisition must be restored ; and the archbishops set up tribunals of their own which discharged the functions of the Inquisition.

At last a new organization, The Federation of

Pure Royalists, spread rapidly over the country and openly avowed that its aim was to put the king's brother, Don Carlos, on the throne. Calomarde denounced it as a liberal plot and renewed the persecution. Soon, however, the whole of Catalonia was aflame, and as the centre of the conspiracy was the famous Jesuit shrine at Manresa, it was impossible to ignore its character. Their object, the Catalonians said, was to liberate King Ferdinand from the freemasons who held him in check, but the Jesuits and friars were acting for Don Carlos. How far the prince was actively involved in the plot is disputed. Ferdinand easily ended the revolt by going to Catalonia and showing that he was quite free. He promised an amnesty, and the leaders dispersed their troops; and they were, of course, promptly shot or hanged. But the sequel is one of the most ghastly pages in this sordid chronicle.

Nothing was done to the Jesuits and monks who had roused the province, and Ferdinand now gave the charge of Commander-in-Chief in Catalonia to the most fanatical of their supporters amongst his generals, the Count de España. The ferocity and the eccentricities of this man, an educated noble, bordered on insanity. For trifling faults he would make his daughter stand at the window doing sentry duty with a broom, and his cruelties at this period and later during the Carlist war were revolting. Professor Clarke

hints that Ferdinand deliberately entrusted the governorship of Catalonia to "a madman." He was, at all events, a fanatic of the most sombre type whose zeal left no room for any sentiment of humanity or justice. When evidence failed, he had it forged and put into the pockets of suspects. After all the years of suppression one would not expect to find much liberalism left in Barcelona, but from the clergy the count received lengthy lists and set about his work. Let me put it in the words of the recognized English historians. Major Hume says :

He surpassed all previous efforts, even in this bloodthirsty reign, in his heartless cruelty to those who were suspected of, or denounced for, holding liberal views. Without trial or formality whole families were immured in pestilential dungeons, herded with thieves and cut-throats, on secret delation of an enemy or a spy. Stripped, robbed, insulted, and maltreated, these poor creatures, often absolutely innocent, were driven in many cases to starvation or suicide, while the rest were sent in heart-broken batches to death in the African penal settlements, or were shot and afterwards hanged in rows on lofty gibbets in the presence of the Count de España himself.

Professor Clarke says :

The fortress of Montjuich and the other prisons were filled ; the prisoners were tortured ; suicides of the most shocking character were provoked. . . . The count kept the condemned in prison

until he had collected a dozen or so, and he then had them all shot together. The sight was supposed to strike terror into evildoers ; it filled the count with insane delight. His severity relaxed on such occasions ; he sometimes even danced in glee (p. 78).

It reflects on our education that, while every child is taught about the horrors which a few hundred of the lowest workers of Paris perpetrated (largely on criminals and prostitutes from the jails) in the September Massacres, none ever hears about these equal or worse outrages committed by princes, nobles, and bishops in Spain, Portugal, and Italy on men and women who claimed only the elementary rights of citizenship. The details given in the Spanish histories justify every harsh word in the passages I have quoted. Men and women of every class, professional men and artisans, were taken in batches of twenty or thirty to Montjuich, the grim fortress-jail that overlooks Barcelona. There, while some were shot off-hand, most of them waited, without trial, in the most fetid dungeons imaginable. "Nearly every family in Barcelona," says Hubbard, "had a member in the dungeons of the fortress." They had no information, and they shudderingly wondered every time the cannon at the fort announced a batch of executions, if the father or brother was amongst them. They had to go and see the lines of bodies on the gibbets. At times a company of pale prisoners, dragging

heavy chains at their feet, their heads shaven, were marched down to the quays to take ship for the deadly penal settlements, and sad-eyed women would go down to see if their relatives were amongst them. So little food was given to the prisoners that fifteen attempted suicide, and seven succeeded, in a few weeks. One hammered his skull upon a nail ; another cut open his arteries with a piece of glass ; another bit into his arm until he opened the arteries ; a fourth deliberately choked himself with a bone. A pall of horror lay upon the beautiful city. You were suspect if you did not carry a rosary. You were believed to be making cryptic signs when you saluted a friend.

Thus did liberals pay for a conspiracy which had been, as everybody admitted, organized in the shrine of St. Ignatius and conducted entirely by loyalists and ultra-Catholics. This was the culmination of four years of barbaric persecution, and we shall not be surprised to hear that during the remaining five years of Ferdinand's reign there was little persecution. No one dare whisper the hated word Constitution. All intellectual life was crushed, even the universities being closed for several years. One or two servile newspapers and a few ultra-orthodox books and pamphlets were all that a man had to read. Very few, in fact, could read, as we shall see that twenty years later, though there was nearly a decade of liberal or moderate government, only about one

in twelve of the entire population could read. In 1828 more than ninety per cent of the population were unable to read. It was comparatively easy to misrepresent to these people, whose sole informants were in most cases the priests and monks, that these liberals were enemies of the king and the Pope. But for us there can be no mistake. The tens of thousands of men and women, youths and girls, on whom these tortures were inflicted had done no more than demand that the educated middle class should have parliamentary representation and a share in making the laws. There were no republicans, and all these "rebels" were content that the Roman Church should remain established in Spain. We hardly hear of a single case of heresy.

CHAPTER IV

THE TRAGI-COMEDY OF DON CARLOS

THE tragedy deepens when we turn to consider the character of the royal family whose mediaeval rights had to be protected by all this savagery. The character of the king himself we have already seen. The American traveller and literary man, George Ticknor, who visited Madrid about the year 1820, fairly sums up the different descriptions of him by calling him "a vulgar blackguard." Orthodox he undoubtedly was, but the coarseness and licence of his conduct and his fluency in perjury show that no tenderness of religious belief can be pleaded in extenuation of his crimes. Nor can any man suggest that he was so endowed with wisdom that it was better for Spain that he should keep the reins of government in his own hands. Conservative English magazines bluntly spoke of his "imbecility." He was a selfish sensualist, quite incapable of doing anything to arrest the steady economic deterioration of his country.

His third wife, a mild and colourless lady who had looked with bewilderment upon the life of the country of which she had become sovereign,

had soon died. I leave it to the imagination of the reader to conceive why Ferdinand lost three wives, who all died young and childless, before he was forty-five. But, although he was now only forty-five, he was worn with dissipation and racked with gout, and his brother, Don Carlos, tranquilly expected to inherit the throne in a few years. Don Carlos was as insignificant morally and intellectually as he was physically ; a nervous, timorous, hesitating little man whose chief idea was to inherit the prestige and wealth of the throne. But he was willing to restore the Inquisition and extinguish the last trace of liberalism, and the entire force of the Church and its lay agents was behind him. Still more important was the fact that his wife, Maria Francisca, was a pietist of the most passionate type ; an imperious, haughty, energetic princess who would have everything sacrificed for the faith.

The element of comedy entered with the king's younger brother, Don Francisco, and his spirited and beautiful Neapolitan wife, Doña Carlota. Francisco was popularly believed to be the illegitimate son of Godoy and the queen, and he and his supposed leaning to democracy were treated with disdain in the palace.

Doña Carlota smarted under this treatment of her easy-going husband, and she sent to Naples for her sister, a young and beautiful girl of twenty-three, not overburdened with scruples.

To the alarm of Don Carlos and his wife Ferdinand's prematurely dull eyes kindled once more, and there was every prospect that he would marry again. If this fourth wife had a son, Don Carlos and the Church would not inherit the throne. For some months, the court was enlivened by the feverish intrigues of the two parties and their followers. Don Carlos and his wife, seeing that the king was again amorous and would marry, found more reliable candidates for him, but Ferdinand was won by the sprightly and beautiful Neapolitan. He arranged all sorts of festivities to brighten his "gloomy and debauched court," and the young Maria Cristina was the soul of the new gaiety. Don Carlos and his wife shrieked that she was a liberal, but it was no use. Ferdinand married Maria Cristina.

The intrigues were renewed when, some months later, it was announced that, in the chaste journalistic phrase, an interesting event was expected. Spain had adopted the Salic Law in 1713, but on its older law a female could, as in England, inherit the throne, and the young queen persuaded her fond husband that he could undo what another king had done. He, while the Don Carlos party were still storming heaven with prayers that the child should be a girl, decreed that Spain reverted to the ancient law of succession, and by will he bequeathed his throne to his child, of whatever sex. The Carlists showered

protests on him and said that he and his ministers had no power to alter the law, but he held firm, and the girl Isabel who was born in the autumn of 1830 was the heir to the throne.

In the next year Ferdinand had his last spell of persecution. The new queen was never a liberal, but she had the wish for peace and humanity which generally goes with a light and pleasure-loving temperament, and the fierce hostility of Don Carlos and his wife had made her more friendly to the liberals. Just at that time occurred the French Revolution of 1830 and the replacement of the fanatical Charles X by the democratic Louis Philippe. Ferdinand at first refused to acknowledge him, and he favoured the Spanish exiles. Futile invasions were organized, but as there were hardly two thousand troops, under six generals, the plot was easily crushed. The most important body was in Gibraltar. Ferdinand sent a general to negotiate treacherously with them and promise to lead them. He lured fifty-two of their officers to Spanish soil, and they were arrested and shot. The reign of terror was renewed all over Spain, and for a time "women as well as men lived in daily dread of death for an unknown offence." A lady was hanged because she was found working a suspicious piece of embroidery. It was held that she was making a flag for the rebels. But there is no need to repeat the horrid details of imprisonment, execution, and exile.

Ferdinand's renewal of his youth at the ripe age of forty-six led to a rapid decay of his strength. The possibility of his death was discussed, and in the summer of 1832, after the birth of a second daughter, Don Carlos and his wife, besides the queen, accompanied him to the summer palace of La Granja. On the way, whether from accident or otherwise, the coach was upset and the king seriously hurt. He already suffered severely from gout, and the doctors did not expect him to recover. The murderous Minister of Justice, Calomarde, the fighting Bishop of Leon, and other supporters of Don Carlos now pressed the queen to ask her husband to alter the succession. During nearly a whole night they painted for the weakened mother the horrors of the civil war that would follow if Don Carlos were excluded. She had offered to share the power or the wealth—which was her chief desire—with him, and he had refused. The whole country would rise for him, he said. Worn out, she begged Ferdinand to alter the succession, and he sent for his advisers. Not a friend of the queen had been brought in the party. Her sister and Don Francisco had been sent to Andalusia. The gloomy and apparently dying monarch was persuaded to alter his decree and restore the Salic Law (excluding females). It was put away in a safe place, not to be produced until after the king's death, but that same evening Ferdinand passed into what seemed to be a dying torpor,

and the rejoicings leaked out and reached Andalusia.

Doña Carlota, dragging along her unambitious husband, tore across the country as fast as the swiftest horses could convey her coach and burst in upon the smiling group at La Granja like a tornado. The new decree, she was told, had been given to the President of the Council of Castile. She so bullied that august personage that he meekly handed it over, and she tore it up. Then she poured on Calomarde a stream of the choicest Castilian invectives and ended with a vigorous smack across the face. No one could resist her. She forced her way to Ferdinand's bed and induced him to revoke his act. From that moment, in fact, the king recovered, and she and the queen directed him. Calomarde and his colleagues were driven into exile, and Cristina was appointed sole Regent for her daughter. New provincial governors and generals of the army were appointed, and more liberal ministers were selected. Madrid passed suddenly out of the deep gloom which the triumph of Don Carlos had caused, and it gave a boisterous reception to the recovered king and the queen. The universities, which had been closed for two years, were reopened, the great majority of the exiles were recalled, and new plans of education and industrial recovery were drafted.

The spirited action of Doña Carlota had really

opened a new era for Spain. We shall see what checks were put on liberalism, and how in a few years the Carlist War would bring terrible misery upon the country, but mediaeval Spain began to disappear from that time. Ferdinand had less than a year to live, and he must have seen from the rejoicing of the country at the defeat of Don Carlos how futile had been all the long years of bloodshed. He stood aside and let liberal ministers rule. The first Prime Minister, Zea Bermudez, was ambassador in London when he was appointed, and he arrived at Madrid to find a remarkable programme of reform already drafted. It was too advanced for the country, he said. There were small Carlist risings and he wanted to prevent trouble by protesting that there would be no innovations. He had become a moderate conservative and was out of touch with progressive sentiment.

Ferdinand had solemnly confirmed his will and demanded an oath of allegiance from all orders and classes to his daughter. Don Carlos alone sourly refused to give it, alleging that the king had no power to alter the law of succession (which a king had altered a century earlier), and he had been "permitted" to retire to Portugal. He began to intrigue at once, and he refused to leave the country when the king ordered him. But Ferdinand died of apoplexy, "closing a reign full of cruelty and shame," says Professor Alta-mira, and by his will he left Cristina Queen

Governor of Spain during the minority of his daughter Isabel. The Carlists now rapidly organized, and the reports came from the country, to the Prime Minister's surprise, that unless the government granted further and larger reforms, the people had no mind to resist the rebels. Zea Bermudez was replaced by the well-known writer and liberal, Martinez de la Rosa, and all exiles were now permitted to return. A Cortes was summoned, though the plan was still timid, as only the rich and the higher middle class were enfranchised.

Before the Cortes met the ministers were given a remarkable proof of the new temper of the people of Madrid. The prospect of war and the economic distress made people nervous, and just at this time the cholera ravaged Madrid. The preachers naturally interpreted it as a divine punishment for the new liberalism, and historians generally give it as a proof of the instability of mobs that, instead of falling upon the liberal ministers, the workers of Madrid fell upon the monasteries and killed about a hundred Jesuits and monks. It is quite clear, and in view of the rigid censorship and terror of the last ten years it is remarkable, that a very large proportion of even the uneducated people of Madrid had adopted liberal ideas. We shall see that this is true of nearly every city of Spain outside the Carlist area. It was the savagery of Church and monarchy that had opened the eyes of the workers.

Hume strangely says that “the authorities stood by and did nothing” while the mob at Madrid burned convents and killed priests. The facts, which are not disputed, are these. A rumour spread amongst the more ignorant people that these monks who talked about the hand of God had themselves poisoned the water supply, as part of the Carlist plot. A boy, it was said, had been seen emptying a powder into one of the wells. One day, when the passage of a cart-load of corpses had put the groups of workers on the streets in a bitter disposition, one of the old royalist volunteers ventured to remind them that it was a punishment for liberalism. They turned upon him and he fled into the house of the Jesuits, which was, quite rightly, closed against them. They attacked and plundered the convent and killed a number of the priests.

Let us not forget that there were no telephones in those days. As soon as the news reached the Captain General he rushed his soldiers to the spot, and they saved the lives of some of the priests. But for the next two or three days the crowd played hide-and-seek with the soldiers. As soon as they were drawn to one quarter of Madrid, the crowd gathered in another part and attacked a monastery. They killed about a hundred priests and burned a number of monasteries. Major Hume would have found the loyal efforts of the authorities described in Hubbard’s *Histoire Contemporaine de l’Espagne*. The truth is

that there was already in Madrid, and in another year or two we shall find it in most of the Spanish cities, so general a hatred of the monks that only the troops of the liberal government tried to protect them. The attacks on convents of which we read to-day are repetitions of what took place all over Spain nearly a hundred years ago, yet only the other day writers were trying to tell us that the people had never lost their allegiance.

The Carlist War need not here be described at any length, but it gives us a valuable indication of the state of the country. The cause of Don Carlos, who was very far from having any personal magnetism, was the cause of royal absolutism and of the Church ; above all, it was the cause of the Church, as no historian questions. Yet it never won more than one-third of the population, and in the remaining two-thirds there were fearful reprisals on the monks. This fact ought to give pause to the writers who represent the illiterate mass of the people as wedded to their ancient institutions. Moreover, this adhesion of about one-third of the country to Don Carlos was in large part due to causes which did not concern either the throne or the Church. The chief Carlist area was the country of the Basques, and the first thing that the Carlist agents did was to represent to the Basques, who could not speak Spanish and could not read any language, that the liberals or Cristinos, as they were now called, meant to destroy their ancient

privileges, for which they would at any time shed the last drop of their blood. In any case these rough and fiery mountaineers, largely smugglers, would have heartily agreed to Nietzsche's paradoxical saying that "a good war hallows any cause." Their leaders were to a great extent brigand chiefs.

The war came to be waged with an atrocity which brought Europe back to the Middle Ages. In a sense the Cristinos were responsible for the beginning of this. Their commanders took the view, which is possibly legal but most unhappy, that, since all the Carlists were rebels, any who were taken prisoners must be shot out of hand. The Carlist commanders retorted that the Cristinos were rebels, and they shot their prisoners. Don Carlos himself lost the last of his conservative supporters in England and France by issuing a savage decree to the effect that any foreign soldier taken amongst the prisoners must be executed. As England, France, and Portugal were in formal alliance with Spain, this was a gross violation of international law. England lent the queen half a million sterling and sent the fleet, which landed sailors and marines to fight on land. There was, besides, a foreign legion of ten thousand English volunteers. One reads with pleasure that, in spite of this atrocious decree of Don Carlos, the English never killed their prisoners.

The other combatants, on both sides, became savage. Our old friend the Count de España

led a Carlist army, of course. He shot his prisoners in batches, in the old style. Once he completely destroyed a town and set up a stone with the inscription : "Here stood Ripole." I am glad to say that at the close of the war his own men, whom he had treated barbarously, bludgeoned him and threw his body into the river. Almost as bad was the priest Merino, who commanded another army. Worst of all was the brutal Basque leader Cabrera, or the Count de Morella. He once took seventy-five prisoners, stripped them naked, told them to run, and roared with laughter as his men ran after them and cut them down. Near the end of the war he suspected that his officers were disaffected. He brought them together and told them he was inclined to make peace ; and all officers who agreed with him were shot. Cabrera was told that if he did not stop his barbarities, his mother would be put to death. She was shot, and Cabrera retaliated. The war lasted six years and the outrages became worse and worse. Companies of ragged, half-starved men terrorized the country, and, when they were in enemy country, followed the policy which had been universal in the Middle Ages of freedom for all to loot, kill and rape.

The duration of the war may suggest that the country was more evenly divided than I have said, but it is easily understood. The Carlists were mainly in their own Basque provinces,

fighting in a difficult country which was familiar to them. They were better fed, were solidly united and for the first two or three years had the ablest general. The Cristinos were divided into every shade of liberalism and conservatism, and all the changes of policy at Madrid and the fickle moods of the queen, which I will describe presently, made for weakness in the ranks. It was not until the later years that the Cristinos found in Espartero a commander of real ability. In one year the political development had so weakened Spain that Don Carlos got within sight of Madrid. The queen had secretly communicated with him and offered to share the power, his son marrying her daughter as soon as she was mature. But she had again changed her ministers and her policy when Don Carlos came near, and he had to return to the mountains in bitter disappointment.

His generals were getting tired at last of his camarilla of priests and incompetents, and one of them opened negotiations in 1839. The Basques were now assured that their rights would be respected. Don Carlos made a last effort to impress them with his sacred character. He had the Basque army assembled and, riding before it in gorgeous uniform, he, in a cracked and stammering voice, called hysterically upon them to shed their last drop of blood for him and the Church. There was dead silence, for they could not understand Spanish. The Basque leader then

asked them in their own tongue if they wanted peace, and there was a unanimous roar of assent. They signed the peace, and Don Carlos, after futile anathemas, went into exile. Cabrera alone held out for months, and in the end he fled to and settled in England. It was then the one hospitable haven of all refugees, but the strangest, surely, was the man who had butchered his English prisoners. He was permitted to end his days quietly and comfortably in England.

The long Carlist war concerns us here only in two respects. The first is that it prolonged and intensified the misery that the country had endured since the French had entered it at the beginning of the century. For years the Spaniards had exhausted themselves in fighting Napoleon's armies. Then there had been the twenty miserable years of Ferdinand's reign, cutting out much of the finest strain in the country and criminally neglecting its interests ; and as soon as it had begun to recover, under liberal guidance, it was thrust back into a worse desolation than ever. We must take this into account when we lament the backwardness of Spain. The second point of interest is that everybody in Spain knew that it was the Church that thrust this terrible struggle upon the country. "The bishops, priests and friars, almost to a man, preached rebellion," Hume says ; and the Pope or the bishops could have put an end to the struggle at any time if they would. I do not care

to enlarge on this, but the attitude of the Spaniards toward the Church is misrepresented, or described as unintelligible, by writers who do not tell these facts. Few English people know of the struggle in their own country from 1830 to 1832 or in 1848, but the great series of historical novels by Pérez Galdós, the finest writer of Spain in the last fifty years, have made the present generation of Spaniards vividly familiar with the responsibility of the Church and monarchy for their condition.

It is more to our purpose, however, to consider the non-military development during these years. Once more we see the foolishness of representing that the great mass of the Spaniards, apart from the peasants, were, even a century ago, wedded to mediaeval ideals. Cristina's first Prime Minister had to be dismissed because he was too conservative, and the extremely cautious and moderate liberalism of his successor was just as strongly resented by the country. The queen was petitioned to grant larger measures of reform, and very critical eyes were turned upon her when she declined. Who, people asked, was this handsome young guardsman, Muñoz, who practically lived with her? Were they to have a second Godoy? We shall see later that she was secretly married to him a few months after her husband's death, but she would lose her Regentship if she admitted it. She lied about it and preferred to let him pass as her lover. People noted that she

was frivolous and greedy. In a year of heavy depression and exacting war-expenditure she demanded from the Cortes an allowance of £545,000 a year. The discontent culminated in the mutiny of a regiment at Madrid. It seized the Post Office and stood a siege, and the men were allowed to march out in the end with the honours of war.

The moderate liberal ministry resigned, and a group of more advanced men took office under Mendizabal, an able financier of (probably) Jewish extraction, who had for some years been acquiring ideas in London. Professor Clarke makes the serious mistake of saying that Mendizabal at once confiscated the property of the monks, and that this emboldened the mob in various cities to burn convents and kill monks. It is important to see these facts in their proper order. They show, as I said, that the majority in the towns were now radical, and so far anti-clerical as to commit on a large scale one of the most terrible offences in Church law, without any lead from Madrid.

Mendizabal was in England until the following February. But the attacks on the monasteries were in July, 1835, and were not in the least inspired from or by Madrid. It was the provincial cities that suffered from the Carlist troops, and the people justly blamed the monks and Jesuits for their misfortunes. The attacks began, not at Barcelona, as Hume says, but at Saragossa,

where two monasteries were burned and eleven monks killed. Reuss, in Catalonia, followed. The town had been ravaged by the Carlists, of whom the Franciscan friars were the chief local agents. The large Franciscan monastery and the Carmelite monastery were burned down and several monks killed. Barcelona followed, and then the government issued a feeble decree that all monasteries with less than twelve inmates must be suppressed. It had no influence on the popular outbreaks. In the course of two months the movement spread to nearly all the cities and large towns outside the Carlist area. Nuns were not molested, which shows that this was no mere mob-outrage, but hundreds of monasteries were burned and scores of monks killed. At one place Carlist priests were dragged out of jail and shot. "Death to the friars" was now more unanimously shouted than "Death to the Liberals" had been twenty years earlier.

All this was in defiance of Madrid, where the rising was crushed. The country despised the weakling government, and the towns, and many villages, set up *juntas* of local administration. From Saragossa to Andalusia the Hymn of Riego was heard once more, and the Constitution of 1812 was demanded. It was the provincial cities and towns of Spain, free to express themselves now that the troops were at the front, which forced Queen Cristina and the politicians of Madrid to enter upon a radical path. It was

now that Mendizabal was summoned from London, and an advanced ministry was established. It vigorously attended to the prosecution of the war and the welfare of the country, gave complete freedom of speech, drew up plans of educational work, and, while assuring the monks of maintenance, confiscated their immense property to pay the National Debt. From this point onward liberalism in Spain means anti-clericalism. The Pope withdrew his Nuncio and denounced the liberals ; though more than one Catholic monarch in European history had confiscated Church property in an emergency. The year 1836 opened, in spite of the war, with a new and splendid promise for Spain, and if the monarchy and Church had co-operated it would never have fallen back to its old position.

CHAPTER V

THE BEGINNING OF MODERNIZATION

JUST about this time that strange apostle of evangelical Christianity (in which he did not believe) and altogether delightful writer, George Borrow, entered Spain. His narrative tells us at once of the admirable qualities of the Spanish people and the appalling ignorance of the immense majority of them. The first attack on this ignorance had now begun, conducted largely by liberal exiles who had learned much in London and Paris. The intellectuals had returned to Madrid, where even the brilliant sceptical poet, Espronceda, the Spanish Voltaire, could now write with impunity. The arts revived, and European literature began to appear in Spanish. The movement really dates from 1832, when Queen Cristina had become Regent.

But Cristina was neither a liberal nor an unselfish ruler. "Tyranny tinged with democracy," the wits called the political system she at first adopted. She surrounded herself with a camarilla as frivolous and nearly as mischievous as that of Ferdinand, though it consisted of priests, countesses, and milliners instead

of coarse buffoons and bullfighters. Against the plainly declared will of the country she kept languid liberal ministers in office. She brought to Madrid sufficient troops to crush the new democratic rising there, as Borrow describes, but most of the other cities defied her and set up local government of a radical type. The old national militia, which had been disbanded, flew to arms, and the townsfolk joined them in demanding the Constitution. Cristina let matters drift and went to her winter quarters at La Granja, where another strange scene occurred.

The troops in the barracks near the palace mutinied and sent a deputation to tell her that she must yield to the wish of the people. The royal guards in the palace itself threw open the gates and joined them, and two sergeants were admitted to her room. Cristina tried all her personal fascination to seduce them, but they bluntly demanded "liberty." She defined it for them as "the rule of law, obedience to authority," but even non-commissioned officers were now beyond that kind of talk. Borrow tells a very strange story, which he heard in Madrid, about the interview. When she obstinately refused, he says, the soldiers blindfolded her lover (as they thought) Muñoz and prepared to shoot him, and she then yielded. None of the Spanish accounts give this, and it seems to be fiction. The queen had to yield to the two sergeants, and she issued a very short and sullen decree

promulgating anew the Constitution of 1812. Her ministers were furious and said that it was all due to the British ambassador, Lord Clarendon. They sent a bag of gold to La Granja, to bribe the soldiers, and it is clear that Cristina was as ready as Ferdinand to retract her promises. But there was a formidable rising at Madrid. The general in command was killed by the people, and the liberal ministers fled.

There is no doubt that Lord Clarendon had something to say in the drafting of the new Constitution, for it was based upon the English reform of 1832. A two-chambered Cortes was set up, and the monarch was compelled to summon it once a year; but the franchise was very narrow, and the monarch still had an absolute veto. It was a compromise, and nobody was very enthusiastic about it. The provincial towns kept their juntas, the country was anarchic, and the war dragged on. Politicians began to tamper with the results of elections which they would do shamelessly until recent times. The country was disgusted but powerless, until at last General Espartero, the new strong man of the army, took the side of the people. The queen was vain enough to imagine that she had only to present her beauty and fascination to the people and she would win. She found that her little daughter needed sea-bathing, and she made a slow journey across the country. She was received respectfully

everywhere, but she was firmly told, even on triumphal arches, that the measures her ministers contemplated were against her oath and the Constitution. At Barcelona she had a cordial reception, which elated her, but when she saw the tremendous enthusiasm with which Espartero was received a few days later, she was angry.

Espartero is much criticized in history, but his action in acting as spokesman for the nation is beyond reproach. Spain had developed so fast since the death of Ferdinand four years earlier that its urban population, nearly one hundred years ago, was overwhelmingly determined to end mediaevalism. The chief measure to which the people objected was brought from Madrid for the queen to sign. When she hesitated, the reactionary ministers asked her whether she or Espartero ruled Spain. Naturally she signed ; and Espartero resigned his command, and all Barcelona flew to arms. I still admire Espartero. He persuaded the people to be calm and induced the queen to retract. From Barcelona she went to try Valencia, but her reception was cold, and she defiantly set up a new conservative ministry.

It is necessary to give some detail here because I want to make clear what is historically behind the attitude of the Spanish people toward monarchy and Church. People get from many writers the impression that until yesterday, so to say, the mass of the people were blindly

devoted to both. It is enough to remember that the events with which I am now dealing occurred more than ninety years ago. Madrid broke into insurrection once more, and for the first time a republican party with its own organ, *The Revolution*, appeared. Men talked a good deal about this Muñoz who seemed to be the queen's lover. A pamphleteer ventured to say so. Madrid set up a Provisional Government of its own, and most of the cities followed. A revolutionary wave passed over the country. They did not want to displace the Queen Regent but she must be constitutional. She appointed Espartero Prime Minister, and he chose his colleagues and went to the queen at Valencia. He insisted that she must dissolve the unrepresentative Cortes—she had dissolved several—and abandon reactionary measures. She would abdicate, she said. Even her morals, she complained, had been attacked. When one of the ministers pointed out to her that they and all decent people believed that she was secretly married to Muñoz, as she was, she cried: "I tell you, it is not true." So, to her great anger, they let her abdicate and take ship for France. She took with her all the gold and silver of the palace. Spain had no worse slanderer in Europe after that date. She is responsible for most of the libels of Espartero and is in no small degree responsible for the frustration of the new era that had opened in Spain.

Espartero is represented by some historians as an effective soldier of much more strength than intelligence who, mainly from personal ambition and with the support of a small and noisy minority, set himself as dictator against the legal and constitutional institutions of Spain. So says Professor Clarke. Hume, on the other hand, rightly says that the queen and her conservative ministers had already "turned parliamentary institutions into a farce," and then perversely says that Espartero and the liberals "appealed to armed mutiny and mob pressure to coerce the queen to violate the Constitution." Both these authorities blame Espartero for the troubles which broke the promise of the new era and afflicted Spain for the next thirty years. We saw that, on the contrary, the country was in a condition of anarchy because of the unconstitutional conduct of the queen and her ministers, and that Espartero was compelled to step in, or had a plain right to do so, and insist that the demand of the nation for further progress be consulted. Espartero was, says Professor Altamira, "a straightforward man and a sincere Liberal," and the queen had brought about the confusion by "her habitual insincerity and the blindness with which she always listened to the advice of the Moderate Party."

Yet Spain was now to see the fallacy of the strong man, as we see it in several of the dictators of Europe to-day and at least two would-

be dictators in England. It takes a strong man to make an end of such confusion as the queen had caused in Spain, but the very strength of the man, being disproportionate to his power of statesmanship, carries him on into constructive blunders. Espartero, son of a provincial coach-builder, was famed for his honesty and integrity, but he was ignorant (except in the art of war) and was a little intoxicated by his success in the war and by the national applause. For a year this did not matter much, as the country primarily needed a strong hand. Government had fallen into discredit in the later years of Cristina, and local authorities, without waiting for instructions from Madrid, redistributed offices and promised rewards and honours to loyal men. Everybody who had opened his mouth in favour of Espartero wanted a reward. It is said that four thousand demanded places in the Post Office, two thousand four hundred in the Treasury, and so on. Villages deposed their bell man and replaced him with a liberal. It was not quite the beginning, but it was the first exhibition on a large scale of a most mischievous practice. The change of officials, down to the doorkeepers, at each change of government became an evil element of Spanish political life ; but many writers seem to forget that it was a mere democratic expansion of the old régime of court favouritism.

During the years in which he cleared up this

mild anarchy Espartero was bound to attract a good deal of hostility. In fact, he continued, often by the correctness of his acts, to provoke enmity. The only substantial point on which one can blame him is that he insisted on being sole Regent, while most of the liberals wanted three. He threatened to resign, and they had to make him virtual dictator. It would have required a far abler man than Espartero to hold power in the conditions. He saw that he must abolish the Senate, the stronghold of conservatism, and the palace clique fiercely opposed him. He needed large sums to pay the army, as even ex-Carlists were still drawing pensions, and he began to sell (with adequate compensation) the property of the Church. The Papal Nuncio, and the bishops, denounced him and alienated strict Catholics. The cry of "infidel" rang out in the country districts. Radicals complained that he was tyrannical in the use of power and not sufficiently advanced in his ideals.

The court party and rival generals in the army watched all this with pleasure, and a bold plot was formed to seize the young princesses and take them to the provinces. A body of officers and soldiers penetrated into the palace. At the top of the great marble staircase the halberdiers barred their way, and for hours the palace rang with their cries and shots, while the weeping royal children clung to their governesses within hearing of the fight. The national militia at

last arrived and crushed the conspirators. This rallied support to Espartero, but some time later there was a formidable republican rising at Barcelona which Espartero's troops had to crush with great severity. Some writers refuse to admit the growth of republicanism until, long afterwards, Queen Isabel had thoroughly disgusted the country with the dynasty, but it was strong in Catalonia, where the dream of independence was constantly renewed, long before. A very large proportion of the city was involved, and the struggle was ferocious. Boiling oil and water were poured on the soldiers from the balconies of the houses.

As the feeling against Espartero increased, the agents of Cristina, who had taken away a large fortune and was further supplied with funds by the French king, intrigued with the discontented generals. Chief amongst these was General Narvaez, a bitter, personal as well as political, enemy of Espartero. He all his life called himself a liberal, but he was an aristocrat of the absolutist school, a cold advocate of extreme rigour in punishing rebels. We shall in time find him stooping to barbarities that equal those of Canon Saez and Ferdinand VII. But few seem as yet to have thought that he was more than a dandy of an officer with comparatively harmless conservative views. After his death men said that, when the priest had urged him to forgive his enemies, he replied that he had

none ; they were all dead. He, in touch with the exiled Cristina, was the prime mover in the military revolt that displaced Espartero. Yet he must have proceeded with all the duplicity of his school, for the revolt was successful only because it represented a coalition of radicals, liberals, and conservatives. He occupied Madrid, and Espartero was deserted. He took the well-trodden road to England ; and the servile Cortes now, in a disgusting manifesto, not only impeached him for treason but even trumped up a miserable charge of peculation. Whatever faults he had, Espartero was the most honourable man of the time.

Narvaez was now Commander-in-Chief, but he dare not take the political lead until the progressive majority was reduced by further trickery. The Senate, which was loyal to Espartero, was dissolved. The judges of the higher court, who held that the change was illegal, were replaced. The royal household was replaced by loyal servants of the Church and adherents of Cristina. Within a month or so the radicals saw that they had been duped, and there were risings. But Narvaez was now firmly in the saddle. He still could not restore Cristina or occupy the place of Espartero, and he proposed that Cristina's elder daughter, Isabel, be declared of age. The Constitution required that she should be fourteen years of age and she was only thirteen. Shockingly miseducated by her

mother, lazy, sensual (as would soon appear, and she was a precocious girl), capricious, and entirely devoted to her pleasure, she was the least fitted princess in Europe to be advanced a year to take the crown. We shall find the advance of Spain for the next twenty years time after time checked or arrested by this utterly selfish voluptuary and, for many years, by her fanatical mother. Historians who praise Narvaez for his "integrity," his "statesmanship," his "services to the country," take a remarkably lenient view of his share of responsibility.

The child-queen took an oath to observe the Constitution of 1837 and retired to her palace to devour sweets, of which she was inordinately fond. One of her first exercises of her royal power was to get together "the most perfect museum of confectionery in Europe," and one of her earliest practices—the importance of this trivial detail will appear presently—was to present her ministers, when they visited her, with a box of sweets. For her first Prime Minister she chose her former tutor Olózaga, now a lawyer of grave, if rather overbearing, ways. If, as seems likely, she in this expressed a personal wish, her conduct presently will be found revolting for a child of thirteen. Olózaga, an advanced liberal, knew that he could do nothing with the existing Cortes and desired dissolution and a new election. But the military and the palace clique suspected that the election would favour

him and set to work at once to discredit him. When, as was usual, Olózaga and his colleagues went to dine at the palace, at the queen's personal invitation, they were met at the door by the Marquesa de Santa Cruz, the head of the new camarilla, and haughtily told that there was a mistake, no dinner had been prepared for them. Olózaga cleverly replied that they would be content to sit at table while the queen ate, and it turned out that there was ample food to go round.

A few weeks after he entered upon his office Olózaga, anxious to defeat the clique, took to the palace for signature a decree dissolving the Cortes, and he saw the queen alone. What happened on that famous occasion is declared by nearly every writer to be undiscoverable, yet the only serious ground for hesitation is reluctance to admit that a particularly vicious child of Ferdinand VII could, in that world of lying for a good cause, subscribe to a lie concocted for her by one of the lowest characters of the political world. One should read Francis Gribble's very candid *Tragedy of Isabella II* or Rachel Challice's *Secret History of the Court of Spain during the last Century* before one says that there is an equal balance of evidence between "the statement of a wilful, capricious, and spoilt child of thirteen," as Professor Clarke puts it, and the sworn testimony, sustained all his life, of an eminent and respected lawyer. More-

over, the statement was merely put forward, days later, in Isabel's name.

The admitted facts really leave no room, when they are fully told (as they rarely are), for serious doubt. When the Prime Minister left the palace, the Marquesa de Santa Cruz asked the young queen what he had wanted and learned that she had signed the decree. The marchioness soon had the palace and military clique in a state of furious agitation, and when Olózaga returned to the palace, he was detained in the anteroom and then told that "for grave reasons" he was dismissed. Presently the report spread in Madrid that, when the queen refused to sign, he had locked the door, dragged her by her clothes, and, seizing her hand, forced her to sign. As Francis Gribble remarks that "these people (of the palace clique) took to lying as waterfowl took to water," one hardly understands why he leaves the matter open. It was debated for seventeen days in the Cortes, and it was in the course of the debate that one of the vilest tools of the palace clique, Gonzalez Bravo, read out a supposed affidavit from the queen in the above sense. Olózaga was in a delicate position, but he swore that the story was untrue, and Madrid so obviously believed him that the proposal to proceed against him was dropped. But he was ruined and he sought refuge in England.

Madrid generally believed him because it was

not the first lie. At a banquet he had courteously filled the queen's glass, and they said that he tried to intoxicate her. They spread the rumour that when he was the girl's tutor he had allowed her to read obscene books ; that Narvaez and Bravo had found one in her room. But there were two other reasons. It is undisputed that not a sound was heard by the women in the next room, and it is incredible that the girl would not cry out. Moreover, Colonel Dulce, who was in charge of the halberdiers at the palace and is a highly respectable witness, stated that when the Prime Minister left the room the queen came out after him, gave him a box of sweets for his family, and playfully told him that he must not eat any before he got home. Hume fails to mention this, and even Francis Gribble wrongly says that the Prime Minister came out alone with the box and *said* that the queen had given it to him.

I give all the details because it is clear that the new conservative-clerical era in Spain opened with a monstrous piece of lying and injustice to which General Narvaez fully consented. The author was, as I said, one Gonzalez Bravo, who was rewarded with Olózaga's office. He was, says Professor Clarke, "an evil product of a bad age." Some years before he had been, says Major Hume, "an unscrupulous and shameless pamphleteer and journalist," and had distinguished himself by the candour with which

he had written of Muñoz as the lover of Queen Cristina. He had been an active member of the Thunder Club, an association of young sparks who insulted and assaulted folk as they went home at night from the theatre or parties. But the radicals had not adequately rewarded him, or they despised him, and he put his pen at the service of the palace clique.

He was rewarded with the position of first minister, and it must have been with some trepidation that he carried out one of the first requirements of his patrons: the recall of Cristina. He enjoyed a short spell of power, however, because Cristina was *enceinte* at the time, and, as it was still the official fiction that she was not married, since a queen could not marry a commoner without authorization, she dare not come to Madrid. The radicals published the fact of her condition, and Queen Isabel signed a decree which graciously permitted her mother to marry "a man of unequal position." Cristina now "married" Muñoz and brought him along to Madrid, where the handsome nonentity was created Duke of Rincón and began to line his pockets. Radicals who still treasured copies of the paper in which Bravo had attacked Cristina viciously some years earlier sent marked copies of it to the palace, and the man had to disappear. He was rewarded with the embassy at Lisbon, and Narvaez and Cristina took over the rule of the country.

CHAPTER VI

A SORDID INTERLUDE OF REACTION

PROFESSOR CLARKE says that the country and European visitors at least owed to the adventurous Bravo the establishment of the Civil Guard which did much to cleanse the roads and streets of Spain of crime. It was not Bravo, but Narvaez, who founded the Civil Guard, and there are other points to be noticed besides the comparative excellence of the new police. It was necessary because Narvaez abolished the old national militia, which, until his power was secure, he had sworn that he would not abolish. The national militia was a body of townsmen and was therefore solidly devoted to progressive ideals. It was one of the first moves of a reactionary ministry to suppress it, and one of the first moves of a successful rising to restore it. Naturally the monarchical party preferred to dominate the towns by regular troops which were mainly recruited from the rural districts and almost entirely illiterate and ignorant of the political issues. But something had to replace the national militia, and for police purposes the Civil Guard was much better.

Narvaez had further promised that all soldiers who had abandoned Espartero, because they disliked his ways, not because they had deserted liberalism, should be free to leave the army. The first six who applied for permission to do so were put against a wall and shot, and the most drastic measures of discipline were adopted in the army. A network of spies was spread over the army and the towns, and the revolts which inevitably occurred were truculently suppressed. The press was severely restricted. The elections for the Cortes were shamelessly manipulated, and a docile Cortes and ministry left Narvaez in the position of dictator. The Constitution was modified so as to remove from it all restraint on the crown and the ministry and enable them to govern by autocratic decrees.

The conventional interpretation of Spain in these decades is that most of the people were indifferent to politics ; that even in the towns there was a conservative minority (calling itself Moderate Liberal, as Narvaez did) and a progressive minority, while "the mob" veered with each change of the wind ; and that political history is a story of the minorities alternately seizing power from each other. I submit that this is a quite false interpretation. Four-fifths of the nation, perhaps, were still illiterate agricultural workers, but instead of being indifferent to politics they docilely received the accounts of political events which their preacher gave them

and were always ready to cry “Long live the Queen,” and serve in her regiments. But the industrial development, which was long overdue, had begun slowly to gain on agriculture, and the growing town populations were, as every page of the history of the time shows, overwhelmingly progressive. All the acts of tyranny of Narvaez which I have described show this. It is not correct to say, as Professor Clarke does, that he found a few arrests and imprisonments necessary. In his first year of office he had two hundred and fourteen men shot for political offences, yet there was a formidable rising in Galicia, several regiments mutinied, and even the queen’s cousin, Don Enrique, a naval officer, was involved.

In short, one has only to notice the difference of procedure at each change of régime to perceive the growth of Spain. A conservative triumph invariably led to a severe control of the press and the parliamentary system, to full prisons and an army of spies ; in a word, to preventing the people from expressing themselves. A liberal régime, on the other hand, always began with freedom of speech and, beyond the mild reprisals of transferring all offices to liberals, showed no vindictiveness. Yet in spite of the severest repression liberalism always came back. It had been deliberately duped and deceived by Narvaez, who at once turned upon it with the customary bludgeon. Yet the risings in the first

year of his power were so formidable that Cristina, who ruled for the young queen, had to dismiss Narvaez ; bringing him back, of course, as soon as sufficient rebels had withdrawn for her troops to get the upper hand and shoot or imprison the leaders. Decade by decade the best strains in Spain were shedding their blood. In England they were peacefully making fortunes out of cotton or steam, and priding themselves on their superior enterprise and freedom from political hysteria.

Broadly speaking, Spain was ruled for the next ten years by Narvaez and Cristina. We shall see in a moment that Narvaez quarrelled with her a few weeks after his return to office and had to retire again, but he had later to be recalled and he renewed his drastic proceedings. We may quite admit that a strong and fairly able man like Narvaez promoted the financial recovery of the country, though he did little else. The new era, inaugurated by the liberals, had led to a belated rise of the middle class, and railways and other modern enterprises were being introduced. But the progress was slow, there was a terrible amount of graft and corruption, and there was in particular a growing taint of the new world of middle-class politicians which would have serious consequences for all later decades. The meaning of the severe title I have given to this chapter is that, as will be clearly shown, this taint came mainly from the

shocking corruption of the monarchy itself, and this was not only never rebuked by the Church but intimately shared its advantages and tyrannies with the Church.

There is no need to tell here the long story of the intrigues which preceded the marriage of the young queen and for months held the attention of all Europe. I am not writing a history of Spain but recounting only those facts which help us to understand the attitude of Spaniards toward monarchy and the Church. The Spanish and French royal families were both of Bourbon origin, and the French king, who had lavishly supported Cristina while she lived in France, now exacted that Isabel and her younger sister should marry two French princes. Cristina at first made the monstrous proposal, in her own interest, that Isabel should marry her Neapolitan uncle (Cristina's brother), and it was for opposing this that Narvaez was dismissed. This fantastic idea shocked everybody, and Austria proposed that she should marry the son of Don Carlos, in whose favour Don Carlos had abdicated his supposed rights. England, on the other hand, wanted her to marry a German cousin of Queen Victoria, to which France would not consent. All the chancellories of Europe were perspiring over the marriage of the fifteen-year-old girl, who was already looking to other pleasures besides sweets. It was common knowledge that she was a girl of very robust sensual

feelings—she had “a devil in her body,” Guizot said—but the rivalries of the powers now directed that she enter upon a marriage which helped to complete the ruin of her character and brought new misery upon Spain.

The reader may have forgotten the spirited princess Doña Carlota who had saved the crown for Isabel. She had since violently quarrelled with Cristina, but she lived in Madrid and visited the palace daily to talk to the queen about her two handsome sons. One of these, Don Enrique, had been involved in the liberal insurrection and had ruined his prospects, and Carlota now daily sang to the young queen the praises of her wonderful elder son, Don Francisco of Assisi (or Assisi). The youth was well known about the court, where the pious name he bore gave ground for ribald jokes. He was a mincing, foppish youth with a falsetto voice, and was regarded by everybody as a born eunuch whose proper place was a monastery. Court folk gave him the nickname Paquita (let us say, Fanny) and treated him as a jest. To this unfortunate creature the powers of Europe decided to wed the robust and uncontrollable queen.

His mother had disappeared. Narvaez had sent an officer to warn her to keep away from the palace, and she had not slapped his face ; she had applied her foot very vigorously to his rear as he retired before her abuse. She had been compelled to leave Madrid, but the diplomatists

had to fall back upon her son. French diplomacy had beaten English. Isabel was to marry her Spanish cousin—that was supposed to be a compromise—and her younger sister to marry a French prince. It is true that England stipulated that the second marriage should not take place unless and until Isabel had a child, but this condition was not observed. Isabel and Don Francisco would, of course, be childless, and the crown would pass to her sister and her French husband. Madrid rose in disgust at the cynicism and was bludgeoned into obedience, and both marriages were celebrated in the autumn of 1846.

The secrets of the royal chamber have been carefully kept to this day, for the later monarchs of Spain are direct descendants of Isabel and no suspicion dare be cast upon their legitimacy. It is said that someone asked Isabel before her marriage if she were willing to wed Francisco, and that she replied, yes, if she could be sure that he was a man. Charles Greville, who saw him, describes him as “a wretched, imbecile, sulky fanatic.” The influence of the Papal Nuncio had to be used in beating down her opposition to the marriage, and she wept at the altar. She was now sixteen years old and looked several years older. It is said, though one cannot be sure, that she was not a virgin at the time of the marriage, but it is notorious and undisputed that she found a lover, a handsome officer named

Serrano, very soon afterwards, and that for many years afterwards she had a succession of lovers, mostly handsome officers or tenors from the opera, in the most open and unblushing manner. Francis Gribble is lenient to, though candid about, his royal subject. He says of her some years later :

All that she really wanted was to be free to enjoy herself after her own fashion and to make things pleasant for her friends ; to turn night into day, to dance, to be embraced by her favourite lover and then to receive absolution from her favourite priest (p. 239).

One reads about her large generosity. She loved to fling handfuls of coin, never looking whether it was gold, silver or copper to the poor. She ordered her steward to give ten thousand duros to one applicant for charity, and he had to put it before her in coin to make her realize what she was doing. She would give her jewelled bracelets to beggars who stood in the courtyard of the palace. Those who will may regard that as her redeeming virtue.

This woman ruled Spain, or neglected to rule it, during the quarter of a century when it ought to have completed the modernization which the liberals had begun, until she sank like her father to methods of butchery and was, like her mother, driven out of the country by the scorn of her subjects. Leniency to a dead queen may be an

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admirable trait, but it is more important to do justice to the Spanish nation. From what we shall see of her we shall doubt whether any sort of marriage would have given her a sense of responsibility. Until late in life she thought of nothing but pleasure and recognized no restriction of it. Conservative ministers and her mother might scourge the people. Liberal ministers might displace them and adopt a different policy, though she was not quite so compliant with these. But the main thing was that they must find money for her and her friends. The country existed to make it, the ministers existed to extract it and keep the horrid noise of insurrection from her tender ears.

Washington Irving, who was then ambassador at Madrid, was too courteous a gentleman to speak quite frankly while the queen still lived, but he tells us some curious facts. Just at this time the highest-minded tutor of this very generous girl, Arguelles, died. He left four pounds and debts to the amount of a thousand pounds. But those who thronged to the court to minister to her pleasure became rich. Chief amongst them was the young officer Serrano, behind whom was a shrewd and greedy mother. He was known in the court as "the Influence," and he had a sycophantic court of his own. Isabel let them sell offices, industrial concessions, trade monopolies, and so on. She had no time or inclination for business. Supper after the

opera would last until four in the morning. She would get to bed at daybreak and sleep during the morning, then rise and receive ministers in her nightdress and slippers. Gaiety was the one principle of her court.

The king, I have said, was pious as well as virtuous, and in a very short time she drove him out of the palace. The freedom of her life and household was such that Cristina expostulated with her, and she and her husband were sent back to France. Bulwer Lytton, who was English ambassador at Madrid, tells us that "some very respectable and respected men" of Madrid gravely discussed a plan to put poison in the king's coffee and end the trouble by enabling her to enter upon a normal marriage. The ministers tried to end it by appointing Serrano to a command in the provinces. The queen told him to refuse to go, and she dismissed the ministers. So the gaiety went on until Isabel began to tire of Serrano, and the Carlists began to move in the provinces.

The queen began at last to be alarmed, as the separate palace of her husband had become a focus of puritans and clericals. The central figure here was a nun, Sister Patrocinio, who had miraculous wounds on the palms of her hands which never healed. She was, of course, a fraud who scratched her hands at night to keep her self-inflicted wounds open. She had been detected and imprisoned in a convent in 1836,

and in a few years Espartero would very grimly put her in charge of a surgeon and prove her fraud. But the clerics who exploited Francisco, who would even have restored the Inquisition for them if he obtained power, foisted the nun on him as a divine oracle. Her brother became an archbishop. When the queen was reconciled with her husband, as we shall see in a moment, she accepted the blessed nun and even borrowed her chemises to wear in partial expiation of her sins.

Madrid, or the progressive majority in Madrid, merely smiled at the comedy. Serrano was a liberal, and, as to gallantries, it merely showed that the queen was "a true Spaniard." In any case, they hated the king and his Carlists and clerics and bleeding nuns. Isabel was boisterously cheered when she drove out. She had something of the blunt unconventionality of her father which pleased the people. But the state of the country was becoming serious, and she had to turn to Narvaez. He would return, he said, if he "were given a free hand to use the stick and to hit hard." She consented, as she was tired of Serrano and wanted a change. So Narvaez came back from Paris and was appointed President of the Council and Minister of War. One of the first things he did was to tell Serrano that he would shoot him if he did not clear off, and Serrano retired to a very comfortable nest. Other parasites were removed, and Narvaez

told the queen that she must no longer receive ministers in her shift. Cristina returned, and she and the Papal Nuncio insisted that she must take back her husband. Lord Canning, who was in Madrid, says that she took into favour also a singer from the opera, whom the police packed off, then a long succession of other lovers.

Narvaez obtained from the Cortes the right to govern Spain by martial law, and that explains why, though there were risings, the revolutionary movement of 1848, which spread over all the rest of Europe, had no effect in Spain. We need not deplore that, as the movement was bloodily crushed in every other country. But the methods of Narvaez were so harsh that England protested, and the English ambassador was sent home. This definite breach with England impaired the credit of Spain and greatly injured it. The financial condition grew steadily worse in the next few years. I find scarcely anything to justify the preference of so many historians for Narvaez over Espartero. Since the death of Ferdinand the country had made steady material progress, and this was not sustained under Narvaez. There was cultural progress, it is true, but that did not depend on his patronage. And all the time there was a steady corruption of the political world. Ministers, who generally owed their positions to intrigue, rose and fell. Parliaments obsequiously registered the wishes of the dictator, or, if they hesitated, were

dissolved, and the elections were quite cynically jerrymandered. Political corruption was ceasing to be a vice and becoming a custom, so that in a later age politicians who were otherwise high-minded men would think nothing of falsifying election-returns. The one institution that conspicuously advanced in wealth was the Church, and it fully approved the despotism of Narvaez and tacitly approved the conduct of the queen.

It was a strange court that now occupied the royal palace. In one wing, so to say, were the queen and her frivolous supporters and favourites ; in another the king and his camarilla of hypocrites, priests, and bleeding nuns. Intrigue was feverish especially when, at last, it was announced that the queen was *enceinte*. Madrid amused itself with the question of paternity, while the court cliques were concerned about the sex of the coming child. If it was a son and it lived, the hopes of the clerical party fell. There was intense excitement when to the great crowd of courtiers waiting with the king outside the chamber the nurse brought out a male infant. But the news had not had time to reach the whole of Madrid when the boy died. The queen's supporters reflected how zealously the ladies of the king's faction had bent over the baby. Was it not possible that one of them had suffocated it ? The most horrid passions were rife, and from that time, it was noticed, the queen was bitterly estranged from her sister. Next

year the queen had a daughter, who lived, but when she was on the way to church to give thanks, a priest, a liberal, stabbed her. Fortunately her corsets diverted the dagger and she was only slightly wounded.

The act was proved to be that of an individual of no very secure mental balance and did not involve others, but it gave Narvaez a pretext to destroy the few remaining traces of liberty. A new Constitution of the most despotic type was announced, and any discussion of it was forbidden. The Cortes was dissolved, all meetings were forbidden, and the press was drastically controlled. At the elections for the next Cortes the moderate and progressive liberals combined, but the results were callously doctored, and a very docile Cortes sat at the feet of the dictator. This closure of criticism emboldened the aristocratic grafters, amongst whom Cristina and her husband were conspicuous, and the most sordid stories about the conduct of the palace clique circulated. It was in vain for Narvaez to use all his power to protect them. Six generals were amongst the men he now exiled to the provinces, and seven of the leading Madrid editors were sent to jail. There was a fresh reign of terror, and Madrid was put in a state of siege. The court was so hated that, though the queen had another daughter, the few free papers published either did not notice the event or gave it a few lines in an obscure corner.

The sight of the poverty of the country on the one hand and of the shameless traffic and jobbery of the courtiers and their dependents on the other was intolerable and the critics became bolder. Narvaez and Cristina were now hopelessly discredited, and the queen lost all her popularity. The theory of despotism in an enlightened age is that it is best for the community, but here it was protecting the grossest and most selfish corruption. In April, 1854, there mysteriously appeared and was disseminated at Madrid a small black-bordered paper called *The Bat*. With full and irresistible detail it indicted Cristina and her husband of the most sordid and fraudulent traffic in concessions. In spite of all the activity of the police spies a second number appeared a few weeks later with new charges, and a third appeared in June, in which regret was expressed that decent Spaniards could not, on account of the licence of her conduct, mention the name of their queen without shame. Many of the men and officers whom Narvaez had condemned to exile were hiding in Madrid, and they started an insurrection, with General O'Donnell at its head.

The queen saved the situation for a time by an act of boldness of which none had thought her capable. She was at the summer palace at La Granja when the revolt occurred. She drove at once to Madrid, and the crowds who had received her coldly in the streets a month

earlier now cheered her. She may have promised reforms, but probably it is enough that up to this point the Moderates alone were in insurrection, and Madrid was mainly Progressist. All Spaniards who had got beyond the old absolutist claims, now represented by the king and his fanatics, called themselves Liberals, but they were divided into Moderate (really conservatives of various shades) and Exalted (let us say, Idealistic) Liberals (or liberals and radicals of all shades). Narvaez stood on the extreme right, Espartero on the extreme left (short of radicalism or republicanism), and O'Donnell between the two.

O'Donnell and the insurgent troops had retreated south, and they saw that they had no chance of carrying the country. They therefore issued a manifesto that suggested a basis of union with the genuine liberals. They might agree in demanding constitutional government, the suppression of camarillas, lighter taxes, regular appointments in the army and civil service, municipal reform, and the restoration of the national militia, the core of every revolutionary success. The Esparterists agreed, and once more all the cities of Spain flung out their authorities, organized the national militia, and formed juntas of government. At Madrid the revolution was not carried without serious bloodshed. A bull-fight was in progress, and the crowd called upon the band to play the old Hymn of Riego.

Thundering out its defiant strains the crowd pressed to the Puerta del Sol (Madrid's Trafalgar Square), and seized and distributed five hundred rifles. Somebody put to the air of "La donna e mobile" the cry

Muera Cristina,
Muera la ladrona

(Death to Cristina, Death to the Robber), and, singing it, the crowd made for her palace. All the furniture and valuables were thrown from the windows, other palaces were gutted, and great bonfires flared in the streets. The soldiers turned out and there was street fighting, at more than two hundred barricades, for several days. Ninety-three were killed and four hundred wounded, of both sides, in this street-warfare. The queen yielded and appointed the absent Espartero President of the Council.

Although the people, distrusting the queen, remained in arms at their barricades and were for some time masters of the city, there was, considering the ten years of repression and sordid palace exploitation, little vindictiveness. A famous and bitterly hated police spy was one of the few victims. He was captured by the people, and a procession of ten thousand men, women and children, mostly of the poorer class, conducted the man to a public square and executed him. It seems probable that the life of Cristina also would have been sacrificed,

but she was carefully guarded. There is far too much talk about "the passions of the mob" boiling over at a successful revolution. We saw that Ferdinand twice recovered power and fell brutally upon his subjects, whereas the constitutionalists were remarkably moderate when they twice triumphed over him. In 1836, again, and 1840 the liberals were very moderate in their triumph, whereas Narvaez and the conservatives used their power vindictively and truculently. Now we find the same moderation of the triumphant liberals, and we shall generally find this contrast as far as the revolution of 1931, which was conducted with the usual moderation. Why on many of these occasions the crowd takes to killing priests and monks perhaps the reader will understand. But beyond question the balance of vindictiveness and cruelty to opponents is overwhelmingly on the side of the fully educated leaders of the clerical-conservative party, and the work is carried out on the lines of a cold and deliberate policy and sustained for years.

Espartero had not reached Madrid, and he sent a representative to tell the queen in very plain Spanish that her conduct was a disgrace to the country. The unmuzzled press had at once opened fire on her and her mother. Republicanism spread, and great numbers of royalists began to ask if the Bourbon dynasty had not proved unfit to rule in Spain. Isabel's conduct had been the talk of Europe. In tears and

anger she threatened to abdicate, and they reminded her, as they had reminded Cristina, that, if she went, she would leave her daughter behind. She accepted the revolution, and Madrid had another orgy of rejoicing. Espartero arrived soon afterwards and the flags waved once more. Cristina was, to the great anger of the crowd, escorted by a strong force of cavalry to the Portuguese frontier, and the coalition settled down to restore the country and see which party to the combination would succeed in devouring the other.

CHAPTER VII

TEN YEARS OF DILUTED LIBERALISM

THE critics of General Espartero blame him in large part for the failure of Spain to enter now upon a fully modern and progressive development. He again displeased the radicals by his moderation of ideals and his severity toward what he thought to be their own excesses, and within a year he passed definitely from power and left the country to the non-progressive Liberals. Some of the criticism of him seems strange. Professor Clarke, for instance, says :

He lacked the ambition or perhaps the nerve to grasp the crown which was more than once within his reach. He discouraged his followers who wished to make him dictator or First Consul.

That looks rather like a monument to his honesty, but the real explanation is in Professor Clarke's characterization of his colleague in the coalition, General O'Donnell :

One step in political dishonesty led to another. He gave a Judas kiss to Espartero and straightway

proceeded to worm his way back into the confidence of the queen. He overthrew the allies by the aid of the camarilla against which he had conspired, trafficking in mutiny and treason. He was one of the ministry that trampled on the lately executed Concordat and broke off relations with the Holy See. He made his peace a few years later by bearing a taper in a procession led by Sister Patrocinio (p. 259).

Against so slim and courtly an antagonist a ruggedly honest man like Espartero, of moderate intellectual gifts, had no chance. He was duped by an astuter and less honest man.

The new régime began with the usual flourish of progressive trumpets. The press was released, and the inevitable babel resulted. The Royal Council was abolished, and all office-holders in the country were replaced by genuine friends of the people, which, of course, left a hundred thousand or so eager for the next revolution. Nearly all the officers in the armies of the revolution were promoted, and the treasury was emptied into the hands of revolutionaries. The technique of the after-revolution was by this time fairly fixed in Spain. Yet Espartero would not do all that the radicals and republicans wanted and, when he closed the noisier clubs, one heard an isolated cry of "Death to Espartero." Apart from these advanced sections there was no unity in the main liberal body. It was decided to frame a new Constitution and a large committee got to work,

but they could not agree on such questions as the position of the Church and religious liberty.

On the other hand, we again see clearly that Spain was not a body of people of deep monarchical and clerical sentiments upon which a minority of liberals succeeded in enforcing their views at intervals of a few years, but a mainly liberal body of men upon whom a minority representing the Church and the absolute monarchy forced *their* views, with rifle and whip, every few years. The Constitution of 1837, which was based on the British, was adopted, so that the franchise was as broad as any in Europe ; and it is agreed that the new government, very unlike its predecessor, left the elections free and honest. I should add that many, and they were probably for the most part conservatives, abstained from voting. Yet considering that there had been years of savage repression, bribery, and punishment, the result was remarkable. There were only two Moderate (conservative) and only one clerical-absolutist deputies returned, while there were twenty-three republicans. The rest were divided fairly equally into followers of O'Donnell, or the Party of Liberal Union, and followers of Espartero, or progressive liberals. In other words, already eighty years ago the country was, apart from the peasants, and when it was honestly free to express itself, solidly liberal or radical-liberal.

O'Donnell carefully felt his way, and it was

not long before he found an opportunity. Espartero proposed to sell the remainder of the Church lands, of which £57,000,000 had been sold by earlier ministers, and to these he added communal estates and those of various ancient religious and charitable foundations. This is often put as if the liberals proposed to rob the Church and the older charities, but it was not a question of confiscation. All this property was held in mortmain, and was very injurious to the economic life of the country. The government proposed to indemnify adequately the clerical and other holders and release the property for purchase. In this all liberals agreed ; and all historians agree that the sale of the lands contributed greatly to the progress of Spain.

But both cliques in the palace and their clerical advisers were bitterly opposed to the sale.. The queen tearfully refused to sign the decree and said that she would rather abdicate. "God will count this in the balance against my sins," she naïvely said. The Papal Nuncio and her confessor were pressing her. The king's camarilla became hysterical. Not only did Sister Patrocinio bleed energetically, to show the protest of the Saviour, but the report was spread in Madrid that the crucifix over the altar in the church of San Fernando had bled. This miraculous figure, one of the many mediaeval relics that found refuge in Spain after being expelled from the rest of Europe—some churches in Spain still exhibited

little phials of “the milk of the Virgin Mary”—was kept veiled, and the priests announced its wonders. The government profanely removed the veil and showed the people that there had been no bleeding. Sister Patricinio was sent to a nursing home, where her hands were bound so that she could not scratch them, and her fraud was again exposed. There were Carlist risings, and a plot was discovered to convey the queen to the Basque provinces.

But Isabel was forced to yield. Francis Gribble is not accurate in saying that she had recovered all her popularity and that there were “not a score of republicans in Spain.” There were more than a score of republican deputies, representing hundreds of thousands of voters, in the Cortes. The press often attacked the dynasty. At the opera there were educated men who pointedly refused to remove their hats in her presence, and at the reception after the first meeting of the Cortes deputies had declined to kiss her hand when she held it out to them. In great anger she signed the decree, and Rome severed relations with the Government. The clergy honestly received an equivalent in consols, and, to the great profit of the country, the lands were cut up, and even the farmer could purchase by instalments. I find from an ancient encyclopædia that in 1800 there had been in Spain only 273,760 farmers owning their farms, and in 1860 there were nearly three millions. The land tax

almost doubled in its yield between 1847 and 1860.

Spain was at last making considerable progress, though the industrial change had consequences (higher prices, displacement of labour by machinery, etc.) which other countries had experienced long before. Espartero was, perhaps, not a sufficiently able man to guide the country through this new development, but it is notorious that O'Donnell and the queen now drew together and initiated a campaign against him. All the troubles were laid to his account, and his rugged personality lent itself to wit and satire. At last he and O'Donnell and another colleague agreed to submit their difference of opinion as to the treatment of rioters to the queen. Espartero was too apt to think other men as honest as he, and the queen duped him to the end by assuring him that she would never forgive O'Donnell. The plot was, in fact, arranged between O'Donnell and the queen. When Espartero and his colleague tried the usual bluff of threatening to resign if the queen did not agree, she turned to O'Donnell and said sweetly : "I am sure that General O'Donnell will not desert me." He had the list of his cabinet in his pocket and it was set up within three hours.

Sixteen thousand men of the national militia in Madrid alone rose on behalf of Espartero ; it is interesting that the queen's old lover, General

Serrano, led the rebels. Although General O'Donnell had, as Minister of War, made sure of the commanders of the regular troops, Espartero might still have won if he had taken the lead. Instead of this he hid during the fighting and then retired to the country, and his dispirited followers yielded. He is usually severely blamed for lack of energy or courage at this juncture, but it seems to me more plausible to suppose that the struggle and treachery had disgusted him, and that he shrank from plunging the country into civil war on what seemed to be a personal issue. O'Donnell, though an unscrupulous political adventurer, honestly held the moderate liberal faith and would not be likely to yield to the reactionaries. He, in fact, behaved well in his victory, giving an honest amnesty to all who had opposed him, and for the next five years (after an interval of Narvaez) he directed the country on moderate-liberal principles and enabled it to make progress. He abolished the national militia, restricted the press, and checked the powers of municipalities, but he made no further concessions to reaction.

Naturally, the treacherous queen tried very soon to rid herself of him and give power to the conservatives. She had fooled him as well as Espartero, for she lied as easily as she flirted. Narvaez was permitted to return to Madrid, and he was soon seen to be on very friendly terms with the queen. It was necessary to get her

authority to sell the remaining Church lands, and she flatly refused. At a court ball some time afterwards she danced very genially with Narvaez and treated O'Donnell with marked coldness. It is frivolous gossip that O'Donnell resigned because she refused him the first dance, preferring the neat and nimble little General Narvaez to the big, clumsy O'Donnell as a partner. O'Donnell was a tall, handsome man, but in any case what he resented was her general cordiality to Narvaez and her conspicuous coldness to himself. He did not go home and sign his resignation. He decided to test his position. Next day he pressed her again to consent to the sale of the Church lands, and her refusal gave him a pretext to resign.

For a year (October, 1856, to October, 1857) the full flood of reaction returned upon Spain. The Royal Council was reconstructed on a strong clerical-conservative basis. The liberal amendments to the Constitution were abandoned. The Senate was purged of its liberal generals and filled with prelates and nobles. On the other hand, a scheme of education was drafted, the first agricultural show in Spanish history was held, a commerce was promoted. When one tells just this much it is possible to represent Narvaez as a very honest and efficient, if severe, administrator, and to say, as Professor Clarke does, that "never had a fallen party more completely disappeared." The historical truth is that, as usual,

it was brutally forced into a secrecy which was disturbed by scores of risings. Hundreds of men were shot and thousands were imprisoned. Large bodies of men marching under the republican flag engaged the royal troops in pitched battles. At Seville alone eighty men were shot, and the insurrection was put down with such brutality that the people of Andalusia sent a deputation to inform the queen of the savagery of the agents of Narvaez, and she had to check him. Narvaez seems to have been the ablest statesman that Spain produced in these days, but to suppress the many acts of treachery and brutality of which he was guilty, as English writers on Spain do, and represent him as an honest and therefore severe conservative is not just to Spain.

Liberalism at Madrid was driven during this renewal of the reign of terror into secret societies and secret meeting places, but even then it is scarcely accurate to say that it completely disappeared. Narvaez ordered his legions of spies to search houses. So many thousand citizens of Madrid were arrested that Narvaez had to start a penal colony some miles from Madrid, and almost daily a mixed company of patriots and criminals, chained together, passed along the streets and filled the spectators with silent fury. Unless these facts are fully stated one cannot understand Spain. One is at the mercy of superficial writers who picture the nation veering like

a weathercock with every change of the political mind. On the contrary, liberalism was in every single period of what seemed clerical-conservative recovery held down with great brutality. The prisons of nearly every city of Spain were choked with victims, and many hundreds were added in one year to the long list of the martyrs.

The end came with a suddenness and in a manner which astounded people. The queen dismissed Narvaez and appointed a moderate-liberal minister. She had at this time for lover a handsome officer of the guard, Captain Puig Moltó, a good dancer, and one version of the new revolution is that Narvaez tried to get rid of the lover, and so the queen dismissed Narvaez. The cause was more serious. The queen was again pregnant, and in view of the notoriety of her relations with Puig Moltó, she dared not face a solidly hostile Madrid. She was compelled to make liberal concessions in order to soften the attitude of the critics. She tried several mediocre ministers, and in the summer of 1858 she recalled O'Donnell.

The child, the future Alfonso XII, had been born in November of the previous year, and, though Madrid was now more or less disarmed, it was very generally believed that the boy was the son of Puig Moltó. As this child became later king and the father of Alfonso XIII, there has been no freedom in Spain until this year for historians to discuss the matter, and courtesy has

restrained historical writers of other countries. Evidence is out of the question. The impotence of Isabel's husband was always a matter of conjecture from his appearance, but few hesitated to make the inference when the morbid-looking youth at once buried himself in a camarilla of priests, nuns and pietists. The "reconciliation" was understood to be only a matter of common residence. On the other hand, during all these years and for long afterwards Isabel was never without a lover. Puig Moltó was dismissed before the child was born, but he had afterwards a successor in the handsome son of an Italian cook who became head of the royal household. I leave the matter there, as it does not properly come within the range of this book.

For the next few years Spain was comparatively tranquil under the easy-going control of O'Donnell. All moderate liberals supported him, and the ensign was "Queen and Constitution." Republicanism was checked, but the government had no politics beyond resisting excesses, either radical or reactionary. Men of ability but not very strong character were attracted from the extreme parties by offers of embassies, salaried positions, etc. The radicals satirically said that the one purpose of the Liberal Union was "to deceive the hopes of the simple-minded, to give a refuge to the weary and a prey to the greedy." Critics were mildly but promptly

persecuted, and the elections for the Cortes were so openly controlled that the Home Secretary was called "the Great Elector." He coolly arranged the returns so that the new Chamber contained thirty representatives of the hard-shelled conservatives and twenty of the advanced, but not too advanced, liberals. They could talk, but the Liberal Union majority carried out the wishes of the court and ministers. Along this line of sweet reasonableness O'Donnell was drawn further and further by the court. The egregious bleeding nun was received again at the court, and she and a fanatical friar-prelate had great influence. O'Donnell and the queen bore candles in processions through the streets in which Sister Patrocinio was a prominent figure. Isabel's piety, I may say, has never been questioned. The Pope awarded her that supreme reward of zeal for the faith and for morals, the Golden Rose; and the Pope was assured of the protection of his Spanish subjects under the threat of the advancing armies of Victor Emmanuel.

It seemed a very happy family, and as the country shared to some extent in the general economic advance of Europe through the increased application of science, many no doubt thought that Spain had at last found a fitting régime. I rarely find fault with Major Hume's work, but at this point he in his *Modern Spain* is very unjust to the progressive party. If these

politicians, he says, had not been in a hurry to impose upon Spain, which was not ready for them, ideas and institutions which they saw prospering in other countries (England and America), "the subsequent disasters might have been avoided." These things greatly mislead the public as to the Spanish people and their political development. What the peasants were or were not ready for did not then count in any country of Europe, and Hume certainly does not refer to these. But the town-voters were not permitted to say what they wanted. At the last honest election, in 1854, the reactionaries had returned only three members, and O'Donnell had now made them a present of fifty seats. In any case it is naïve to expect democrats to stand aside while parliamentary elections were so callously and openly jerrymandered.

But my more serious quarrel with Major Hume's statement is that he gives a very misleading view of the progress of the country under O'Donnell, and he does not look forward to the grave misconduct of O'Donnell's later years which forced his critics to speak. Professor Clarke, a more authoritative historian, correctly gives a very different account of the state of the country at this time. The comparative peace was favourable to industry, and the imports and exports rose. But the Liberal Union "most notably failed in the administration of the public finances." In plain English the O'Donnell

government behaved wantonly and, long before the radicals and democrats acted, wasted the golden opportunity of the country. As the Pope now agreed to the sale of Church lands, under the increasing threat of the Piedmontese armies, they were sold at a high price, but the proceeds "faded away leaving hardly any perceptible effect." Immense sums were spent, but only "a very small proportion was devoted to matters of permanent utility or profit." The taxes were as heavy as ever, and the budget each year was fraudulent. The ostensible surplus was a fiction. And the chief reason of all this, as all admit, was that, to distract attention from the weaker aspects of his administration and to win popularity, O'Donnell dragged the nation into a number of costly adventures overseas.

The earlier of these were a small operation with the French in Cochin China and a more expensive and much less defensible attempt to enlarge the colonies in western Africa. After these the threatening attitude of America in regard to the evil condition of Cuba and the growing danger to Bourbon princes in Italy, who richly deserved to be annihilated, gave O'Donnell an excuse to spend vast sums on the army and navy. With these new resources he deliberately embarked on the conquest of Morocco. There had for years been friction between the Moors and the two Spanish settlements across the

Straits, with faults on both sides. O'Donnell now gave the Sultan a harsh and impossible ultimatum and refused the mediation of England. It seemed a comparatively easy field in which to reap military glory for himself, and it furnished a glorious war-cry, "Death to the Moors." Few even of the educated Spaniards then realized what a brilliant civilization the mediaeval Moors, as they are incongruously called, had created in Spain ; to say nothing of the fact that few descendants of the Spanish Moors are in Morocco to-day, and few Moroccans had in the Middle Ages been of any importance in the Spanish civilization. For centuries history had been so falsely taught in Spain that people just had a vague idea that some disreputable infidels called Moors had once degraded Spain and had been kicked across the Straits. "War on Morocco" lit the country with wild enthusiasm.

Here I need note only that the six-months war cost Spain seven thousand lives, mostly from disease, and brought little natural advantage but very much glory and popularity to O'Donnell. Simultaneously there was an expensive intervention in San Domingo, where a faction had asked for reincorporation in the Spanish kingdom. Four years of warfare cost £4,000,000 and the lives of ten thousand men ; and the end was an ignominious retreat. There was another naval adventure when the Spanish joined the French and English in trying to compel Mexico

to pay the interest on its debt. In fine, there was a grave incident in Spain itself which embittered all the progressives and humanitarians against O'Donnell. In some parts of Andalusia the estates were worked by colonies of labourers on behalf of the owners. In the region were hundreds of small towns from which the poorer workers wanted to go out upon the land, but the big landowners, with their colonies of virtual slaves, prevented it. Somehow socialistic ideas spread, and a horse-doctor raised the flag of revolt and gathered round him about eight thousand followers. They were nearly all poor and illiterate workers—which suggests that even these were not nearly so docile as is represented—and very few of them were armed, so that they surrendered at once to the troops. But six of them were shot, and four hundred were sent to the deadly penal colonies in Africa.

O'Donnell had now become so unpopular that the queen refused to oblige him by dissolving the Cortes and allowing him to cook the electoral returns so as to have a more docile Chamber. He resigned, and this brought his ambiguous career to a close. The queen was warned that a very dangerous feeling was growing in the country, but she entrusted power to the Marquis de Miraflores, a moderate conservative, who made a futile effort at conciliation. What we call political corruption, or the manipulation of electoral returns, now passed as a device which

even a gentleman like Miraflores could use, and he offered the progressives to allow them to have a sufficient body of deputies to form an opposition ; a talkative but ineffectual opposition. Again it seems to me naïve to chide the radicals and democrats for not accepting. They had very able leaders, chiefly our old friend Olózaga, whom the queen had so grossly libelled, and new men like Sagasta, Ruiz Zorilla, Castelar, Figueras, and others who would become famous. They issued a manifesto denouncing the “ ridiculous make-believe of an election ” and Miraflores had to resign.

Narvaez was waiting impatiently for the summons to office, but less pronounced men succeeded each other in power for a time. One who still remained moderate and, as he was most friendly with the queen, expected to be tried in office, was General Prim, who had risen from a very plebeian rank. One day, as he left the room after a sweet conversation with the queen, he looked in a mirror and saw that, the moment his back was turned, she put out her tongue. Another version is that she put fingers to her nose as vulgar boys do. Another strong man joined the progressives. The strain was perceptible to all. The fanatics started a prosecution of Protestant ministers and, to the loud indignation of Protestant powers, several of them were condemned to the galleys. Ministers were forced to commute the sentence to exile, and the

king's camarilla raged. Men spoke freely of the coming revolution, and in the autumn of 1854 O'Donnell advised the queen to summon Narvaez.

CHAPTER VIII

THE ROAD TO RUIN

IT is necessary to keep clearly in mind the aims of the men upon whom we shall now find the Spanish monarchy and Church falling, for the last time on such a scale, with pitiless injustice. The fact that such atrocities should be perpetrated on them long after the middle of the nineteenth century disposes people to believe that they held extreme or very advanced ideas. And this impression is confirmed, though not intentionally, by writers who speak of them as a small minority of well-meaning men whose political theories were not suitable for application to Spain as it then was.

These impressions lead to a quite false conception of the Spanish people and their attitude toward monarchy and the Church. We need not try here to ascertain how many republicans there were in Spain at this time, for it is not upon them that the knout fell. It was upon liberals and radicals, or all who objected to the unconstitutional methods of the government and monarchy. Hume says that the programme on which they agreed was "purity of elections,

loyalty to the Constitution of 1845 (which was supposed to be still in force), and a greater freedom of the press." What they protested against was, he says, "the unblushing manipulation of elections and the queen's erratic exercise of the prerogative of dissolution." To this just statement of grievances I would add only the national impatience with the camarillas which dominated king-consort and queen and often dictated the policy of the government. In other words, all that they asked was that, as in England after 1832, the better-educated minority of the nation should, after free elections, be represented in a Parliament which should co-operate with the queen in passing laws. The religious question did not arise. All the leaders were Catholics, and the Pope had sanctioned the alienation of Church lands.

There was, in fact, at first no presentiment of the terror that was coming. It was promised that the press-laws would be relaxed, and there would be a general amnesty. On this basis O'Donnell and his followers promised to co-operate. But Narvaez had chosen as his chief colleague, as head of the important Home Office, a man who was more truculent and sinister than himself, Gonzalez Bravo, whose unscrupulous methods have already been described, and the combination was bound to lead to trouble before long.

Professor Clarke, whose manual of Spanish

history, though much used in our colleges, is sadly coloured by conservative prejudice, describes Narvaez as "the noblest and the most disinterested man of the party (conservative) that produced the best men and best Spaniards of the time." It is extraordinary that he should express so heavily biased a judgment in an educational manual. What the conservative party was and what it produced the facts of this and preceding chapters tell, and we shall see at once how this "noblest" of them all and his conservative colleagues behaved. The treasury was again empty. The lamentable attempt to reduce San Domingo and further trouble with Peru had exhausted the funds. The conservative papers now jubilantly announced that their gracious sovereign had come to the assistance of the nation and had consented to alienate two-thirds of the rich royal estates, being content to receive only one quarter of the proceeds.

This was a really infamous deal between Narvaez, Bravo, and the queen. In spite of the censorship, Professor Castelar, who then occupied the chair of history at the university and was as learned as he was eloquent and high-minded, published an article in which he proved that the so-called royal estates did not belong to the crown but were a valuable source of revenue to the nation. Clarke and all other historians admit that he was right. Behind this fraudulent pro-

fession of generosity the queen proposed to appropriate one-third (and the richest third) of the nation's lands, and to claim one-fourth of the results of the sale of the other two-thirds. This is not the only piece of treachery to the nation which I have recorded on the part of Narvaez.

The court demanded that Professor Castelar should be dismissed from office, and, as the rector of the university refused to be bullied, they were both dismissed. The students asked permission to give a friendly serenade to the rector, and the Home Office gave permission. Professor Clarke says that Bravo withdrew this permission when he saw that there was to be a political demonstration ; that the students nevertheless met and came into collision with the troops. What in point of fact happened was that the students used the permit to assemble on the appointed night, but, when the police saw a great crowd gathering, they went amongst it and ordered the people to disperse. The students then wandered about the streets whistling and shouting. The crowds grew thicker, and soldiers appeared to support the police. Many arrests were made on the most trivial pretexts.

Next day, a Sunday, was quiet, but on the Monday, when the new rector was to be installed, the students found the university building in possession of the Civil Guard. They gathered at the gates, on which one wag chalked : " Bar-

racks of the Civil Guard." The cavalry were ordered to disperse them and the citizens who joined them, and before long the streets were red with blood. The men of the Civil Guard (not the old national militia) were detested, and the cavalry made matters far worse. They fell upon all the people they found in the streets. Nine were killed and more than a hundred wounded before the people could get away. When the news reached the cabinet, which was sitting, one of the ministers fell in an apoplectic fit.

Professor Clarke says that Narvaez was ill and not involved in this. He was so far involved that he stoutly supported the action of the troops and the governor, and he ordered the suppression of the Madrid municipality and the Provincial Council for protesting. But the outrage stirred the whole country, and the queen, who very clearly put the responsibility on Narvaez, called upon him to resign. She summoned O'Donnell to form a ministry of moderate men, but, though it promised purity of elections, the greater liberal leaders still held aloof. By this time they had no illusions about the queen. She would recall Narvaez as soon as they had soothed the angry country for her. Already the camarilla was threatening her with eternal torment once more. She had been induced to recognize the conquests of Victor Emmanuel in Italy, and the clergy were very angry. Sister Patrocinio bled, and the royal confessor Father Claret and the fierce revivalist

friar-cardinal (to whose lurid sermons in the court-chapel she listened respectfully and went on with her gay ways) made frenzied protests. O'Donnell sent them to convents of their respective orders.

The reactionaries were thus added to the enemies of the government, and the year 1866 opened darkly. There had been cholera in the previous summer ; the finances were in an appalling condition ; there were small risings in many places. General Prim, whom the queen had so deeply offended, organized several revolts, but the army was not quite ripe and the arrangement was faulty. Everybody knew, however, that the army was full of revolutionary sentiment. Professor Clarke says that at this juncture the seceded liberals agreed to join in a government if O'Donnell were replaced by Lersudi, but O'Donnell heard of the plan and spoiled it by sending Lersudi to Cuba. O'Donnell, by the way, is the second "best" man produced by Professor Clarke's "best" party.

The great majority were still not minded to depose the queen, much less to set up a republic. Prim alone, in his exile, now vaguely admitted that if the people joined the military in a revolt, the consequence would be to "throw the throne out of the window." But all the other liberal leaders were convinced monarchists and required only that Isabel should rule constitutionally. There was still a hope that they would win when

the course of things was disturbed by a terrible revolt at Madrid. Prim had again organized a widespread military conspiracy, and part of it was to be a revolt of the artillery at Madrid. In this branch of the army alone non-commissioned officers were not permitted to rise from the ranks, and the sergeants were dangerously disaffected. Without waiting for the other elements of the revolt, they one day slew their officers and marched, with thirty cannon and 1,200 men, into the city, to seize the Home Office. Every general in Madrid—Serrano, O'Donnell, Narvaez (who was wounded fighting in the ranks), etc.—now entered the conflict, and after a ten hours' battle, partly in the Puerta del Sol, the rebels were subdued and the streets cleared.

Eight hundred men had been killed in the fighting, and most of the leaders got away to Portugal. But sixty-six of the prisoners were executed, to the horror of the city and the country. Whatever one may think about the legality of this, O'Donnell himself was greatly agitated and, when the queen sent a courtier to urge him to shoot, without trial, still more of the prisoners, he exclaimed :

“ Does the lady not understand that, if we shoot all the soldiers we catch, the blood will rise up to her own chamber and drown her ? ”

He declared martial law and suspended the constitutional guarantees, but the queen made it clear to him that he must retire. She and the

palace clique wanted Narvaez once more, and he and his Gonzalez Bravo were entrusted with the terrible powers that O'Donnell had obtained from the queen.

If one compares our two chief authorities as to the events which now led infallibly to the revolution and the flight of the queen, one notices a considerable difference. Hume says that Narvaez and Bravo issued decrees which "would have shamed Ferdinand VII." Clarke, on the contrary, retains his admiration of Narvaez. He was "obliged to punish" at times—the punishment is not described in detail—because he was dealing with "an irreconcilable party." We shall see. But neither does more than curtly and quite inadequately notice a very important factor. Lest I be thought guilty of prejudice, let me put it in the words of a liberal Catholic, a high authority on Spain, Mr. J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly. In the *Cambridge Modern History*, our most authoritative work (Vol. XI, p. 568), he says :

But military rebellion was not the sole menace to the throne. Clouds of scandal were gathering round the queen. The irregularities of her private life had long been known to those about the court (and the whole of Europe); and the simple-hearted Pius IX had amazed and amused the diplomatists of Europe by bestowing on her the Golden Rose in recognition of her virtue. Growing more and more careless of appearances, she conferred the marquisate of Loja on her

latest favourite, Carlos Marfori, a cook's son who had risen to be an actor before royal caprice made him a Minister of State. Her shortcomings were now cruelly exposed in radical newspapers, which the government vainly strove to suppress ; and these revelations reached the provinces and scandalized the whole community. *Nothing contributed more to Isabel's downfall.*

In point of fact, when the revolution was declared, one of the chief points in the manifesto of its Catholic leaders, General Prim and Admiral Topete, was that “ the motives determining the gravest issues ought to be such as may be mentioned before our mothers, wives and daughters.”

This and what one must call the ferocity of the new government gave an anti-dynastic turn to the revolution which was preparing. Major Hume speaks too strongly when he says that the decrees would have shamed Ferdinand VII. The persecution during the next two years was on the whole bloodless, as in very few cases was there a pretext for a death sentence, but it was peculiarly unjust and arbitrary. Of ordinary measures I need not speak. The press was gagged, and public meetings were forbidden. For eighteen months Narvaez disdained even to summon the Cortes, docile as he could have made it. He ruled as dictator until he died. He had at first promised lenient methods, and it may be true that the court overruled him, but the zeal with which he carried out the orders of the

camarilla makes him, for modern times, a model despot. To observers abroad he made revolution certain. Foreign capital was hastily withdrawn, and credit fell so low that one could not get more than nine pesetas of value for a hundred-peseta banknote. Shopkeepers put up their shutters, and merchants closed their offices ; and he threatened them with imprisonment unless they went on with their ruinous trade. Taxes were extorted in advance, municipalities were dissolved, and the liberty of the individual was completely destroyed.

After more than a year of this truculent and illegal régime sixty-six deputies of the Cortes who were in Madrid drew up and signed a petition to the queen protesting against what Clarke himself calls "the reckless illegality of government." The deputies were still in the House when Count Cheste, the Captain General of Madrid, was sent by Marfori, the queen's latest friend, to eject them. He insulted their President and insolently drove them all from the House. When they protested, their President and others, including the loyal conservative Cánovas del Castillo, were sent into exile. But the matter did not end here. General Serrano, being a grandee of Spain as well as President of the Senate and one of the most distinguished generals, had the right of entry to the palace, and he decided to speak to the queen. Even he was transported across the sea and detained in the

Balearic Isles. It is true that Ferdinand, with all his bloodshed, had not ventured to perpetrate such outrages as these.

Narvaez, however, now informed the country that in a few months there would be elections for the Cortes. The election was a comedy of corruption, and the new Cortes was ridiculous ; though the queen in her opening speech pompously congratulated the members on their high sense of duty and devotion. The Constitution, Narvaez said, had been misinterpreted, and this Cortes was going to apply it “ in a manner more in keeping with the sentiments of the nation.” Never before had the nation been more effectually muzzled to prevent it from saying what its sentiments were. “ The time has come,” he said, “ for Spaniards to be governed in accordance with the spirit of their history and the feelings which make up their better character ” : to return to the Middle Ages, in short. At first there were concessions. Martial law was withdrawn, and General Serrano was permitted to return. As the Duke of Seville, brother of the king-consort, declared that the régime was still tyrannical, he was sent into exile. In fact, the repression became worse than ever. Provincial governors and heads of cities were empowered to arrest and imprison any man on the mere suspicion that he might be dangerous. Editors of newspapers were to be arrested if they three times submitted anything to the censor which

that gentleman thought unfit to print. It was the new legal system of punishing "intended offences."

There were risings at Valencia, where General Prim again appeared, and in Catalonia, but they were easily suppressed. The revolutionaries needed funds, and the queen's peculiar brother-in-law, the Duke of Montpensier, was stingy. He was one of the wealthiest men in Spain, yet he would not offer more than £4,000 for Prim to get the throne for him. O'Donnell died at this time, and General Serrano and Admiral Topete also approached Montpensier. If Isabel were dethroned, he trusted that the crown would pass to his wife. But there were other revolutionaries in England who were in touch with the Carlists, and there was a group of republicans in Paris. Most of them wanted to unite simply to dethrone Isabel and then leave the next step to the country. Major Hume blames them very severely, and holds them responsible for the subsequent confusion, because they did not settle in advance what the next step was to be. They not only could not, but the country would probably not have recognized their right to do it.

It was now clear to everybody that Queen Isabel must go. It was in the midst of this final agitation, in February, 1868, that the Pope sent her the Golden Rose, the most coveted distinction of Catholic queens, with a brief praising her virtues. I am surprised that a well-informed

historian should attribute this to the Pope's simple-mindedness. It was decided by his Secretary of State, Cardinal Antonelli, who, as every cleric in Madrid knew, was thoroughly familiar with and thoroughly enjoyed the salacious gossip of every court in Europe. And the irony is that the Golden Rose was brought to Madrid just when the queen's morals had taken so flagrant a turn that there was war between her and the king-consort and between the two camarillas. She had recently admitted to her favour the cook's son and actor Marfori for whom, according to some, she ultimately sacrificed her throne. The papers which circulated clandestinely in Madrid published picturesque, possibly overdrawn, accounts of the daily war in the palace. It was said that the king held very compromising letters of the queen's and threatened to publish these with a solemn declaration that since he could not be the father, her children were illegitimate. It is certain that there was a terrible squabble in the palace, and it took the combined spiritual forces of the two camarillas to restrain the king-consort from acting.

Narvaez died a few weeks later, and I am not going to write a panegyric. Gonzalez Bravo now took the lead, with the obese and amorous Marfori for one of his colleagues. They and the queen made a last desperate attempt to crush the revolutionary sentiment that filled the country.

The Duke de la Torre (Serrano) and six other leading generals were deported to the Canaries. The President of the Cortes and the Duke and Duchess (the queen's sister) de Montpensier were banished. The jails were packed with humbler folk. But as the exiled generals passed through Cadiz, they were able to get into touch with the local revolutionaries, and from them they heard that Admiral Topete and the officers of the Atlantic fleet were ready to join them. The wielding of Narvaez's iron rod by a renegade gutter-journalist and an Italian actor-adventurer disgusted everybody. It was arranged that the admiral would fire the first gun. On September 16th Prim, Sagasta, and Ruiz Zorilla reached Gibraltar in disguise, and they were taken secretly on an English yacht to the admiral's flagship.

Cadiz, where the Constitution of 1812 had been drawn up, had never lost sight of its traditions, and there was wild rejoicing when, on the morning of September 19th, the four ships of war, fully manned and decorated, announced to the world with their guns that the revolution had begun. The sailors landed and took over the city, and the Hymn of Riego rang out on every side. General Prim and Admiral Topete, a very moderate man, composed the manifesto, in which they proclaimed the aim of the revolution to be constitutional government and severely rebuked the queen's morals. Next day the exiled generals, who had turned back,

reached Cadiz and supported the manifesto. The proclamation “awoke the sleeping land like a bugle call.” Seville rose at once, and other cities quickly followed. The generals separated, to take command in the various parts of Spain, and the fleet sailed along the coast firing the towns to revolt.

The revolution was over, completely successful, within ten days. Only one battle, which cost about eight hundred casualties a side, was necessary. The loyal regiments were sent to block the way of General Serrano, who was advancing on Madrid. Serrano made a humane effort to win them over without a fight, and people told afterwards how the royalists shot the first emissary he sent with a white flag, and how, when a body of royalist troops had during the discussion taken up a dangerous position, not expecting to fight, he forbade his men, when the battle opened, to fire on them until they were safe. Another story of the battle illustrates the character of Isabel's first lover, now the chief liberal leader. One John Routledge, a burly Yorkshire engineer who was working at Cordova, ran an engine down to the place “to see the fun,” as he said. He soon plunged into the hail of bullets bringing out the wounded. General Serrano also rode out under fire, took off his decoration of the Order of Isabella the Catholic, and pinned it on John's chest. And Spanish historians add that John, when he left the field, put the bauble in his

trousers pocket and told nobody in Cordova about it.

The resistance was now over, and the governor of Madrid had stood by while the citizens took over, provisionally, the rule of the town. I must again point to the inconsistency of Professor Clarke, since his manual is the best available to teachers. He reflects that these liberals who had carried the revolution were "a small minority" of the nation, and that "their only consistent supporters were the town-mobs, the element of disorder." He later observes that the queen "knew nothing of the vast body of public opinion behind them" and that "not a single general offered to fight for her." These later statements are correct; except that one may say, perhaps, that the queen knew of the sentiments of the nation, and had defied them. The fleet, the entire Army except a few regiments (which after the battle loyally joined up), and the overwhelming body of the citizens of every city joyfully embraced the revolution. As far as I can ascertain, the power was in every city taken over by the most respectable representatives of the people without any bloodshed. The loyalists must plainly have been a small minority everywhere except in rural districts; and, as the peasants were still solidly illiterate, they would not in any country count in national issues. They were, in any case, rather indifferent than loyal.

As to these town-mobs and their disorders, this is at all events quite the wrong place to use this facile language. We have in an earlier chapter seen sections of the poorer townsmen, angered by years of savage repression, turn violently upon the monasteries ; as we have seen this year, though it is already announced that the ring-leaders have been punished with the heaviest sentences of the law. We shall see presently how, in a time of very exceptional agitation, town-mobs will perpetrate outrages. But it is a libel on Spaniards, three-quarters of whom were still illiterate, by the way, to fling these words at them on all occasions. Let me tell what happened in Madrid, though the city had just suffered two years of the vilest injustice, and thousands of supporters of the queen and Bravo remained in it.

Before the news of Serrano's victory arrived, the people appointed a revolutionary committee to see to the preservation of order. A civilian guard was mobilized, and detachments were posted to guard the bank, the treasury, and the mint. The governor arrested the commander of the guard, but it continued to act, and the clerks of the central telegraph office whispered the news of Serrano's victory. A provisional government was elected, and, though the city was aflame with rejoicing, not a drop of blood was spilt, though the arsenal was opened and forty thousand rifles were distributed. There were no disorders and

no reprisals. Across the front of the palace was the inscription : " Palace of the Nation defended by the people." Certainly there was the mild disorder of tearing down the hated royal crown from all public buildings. Soldiers tore it from their shoulders and trampled on it. Rude men even chalked on the walls : " The bastard race of the Bourbons has fallen for ever," and this was seen all over Spain during the next few years. But there was no more disorder than that in any of the cities. At Valencia the archbishop took a prominent part in the demonstration. The " mobs " behaved in singular contrast to the courtiers and royalist statesmen whom we have several times seen return to power.

Where was Queen Isabel ? Whether or no she foresaw the end, she had gone in August to San Sebastian, within sight of France. When the news came at last that she was losing, she is said to have boldly decided to go to Madrid. We shall see reason in a moment to doubt her courage. Ministers told her that there might be some hope of thus winning the people if she left the flabby and pale-faced Marfori behind, and the simple fact is that she did not go. One imagines at least that the man must have been a most fascinating person, but a contemporary Spanish noble who saw him at San Sebastian thus describes him :

His Arab type of handsomeness, with his large mouth and heavy jaw, was eloquent of sensuality,

and his obesity robbed him of the attractiveness which he had had in earlier days. He was impetuous, overbearing, and wanting in the courtesy common to people of a superior education.

To the end of his life Marfori told people that Isabel had sacrificed her throne for him. Mr. Gribble says that she made no choice but remained in the palace weeping and stamping her feet ; which is, surely, a choice to remain with her lover.

On September 30th the news arrived that Madrid had joined the revolution. For some days a train had waited under steam in the station, and the queen and her party—one feels inclined to say her comic opera troupe of sinners and complaisant confessors—made for this so hastily that bags which had been brought from Madrid stuffed with jewels and money were left behind. The queen is described as giving a last look at her native land and saying : “ I thought I had struck deeper roots in it.” In point of fact, she was hysterical when they put her in the train, and she soon collapsed. For a time she lived at Pau, in the hope of a recall to Spain, and then she settled for life in Paris, where her sumptuous household afforded much gossip on the boulevards. Her reckless extravagance caused daily wrangles with her husband, and he at last separated from her. Her son Alfonso

was sent to school in Munich and Vienna, and then to Sandhurst ; and he too separated from her and left her to prolong her inglorious days in a tawdry splendour and a belated piety at Paris.

CHAPTER IX

THE FIRST REPUBLIC

THUS did Alfonso XIII's grandmother quit the land she had deeply injured and dishonoured. Rachel Challice, in her *Secret History of the Court of Spain*, foolishly attempts to defend her on the ground that her ministers, who ought to have guided her, made love to her and spoiled her. Fancy Serrano, O'Donnell, and Narvaez making love to her ! She, in fact, dismissed more ministers in ten years, from caprice or because they offered her sound advice, than any other monarch in Europe. She cared not the toss of a coin about the appalling economic condition of Spain or the harshness of the measures adopted by her conservative ministers. She sought pleasure only ; and, though one may generally feel that such matters belong to private life and are not subjects of discussion, especially in Spain, her position as monarch of an impoverished country and head of a court in which priests were supreme made a difference. They had, Spaniards said, finished with the Bourbon dynasty. For nearly twenty years Ferdinand had misruled and maltreated them. Cristina

had shown herself neither more amiable nor more serviceable, and a quarter of a century's experience of Isabel had been such that not a tear can be traced when she fled across the frontier.

What was to be done next? In the part of Spain which comes under the light of history, the organized parties and their leaders, the republicans were certainly a small minority, though their party was now growing rapidly. But the revolutionary leaders were hopelessly divided in regard to the choice of a new monarch. Several were pledged to support the late queen's brother-in-law, the Duke de Montpensier, who flattered himself that he had found the money for the revolution and waited hopefully at the frontier. Others, with the moral support of England, favoured Don Enrique, the late king's brother, who was supposed to be democratic. But both were Bourbons, and "the bastard race has fallen for ever" was now chalked or painted all over Spain. These two candidates, moreover, simplified matters after a time by fighting a duel in which Don Enrique was eliminated. Few as yet dare look to Isabel's son Alfonso or to the new Don Carlos, but there were half a dozen foreign princes suggested. All the governments in Europe took a kindly interest in Spain's search for a monarch. Princes who were not likely to reach the throne in their own lands were unwise enough to look to Spain—"I am not such a fool" said one German prince who was approached—

and statesmen and courtiers weighed the advantage to themselves of running a candidate.

In the circumstances the revolutionary leaders could not agree, and it was just and wise to summon a Cortes to decide in the name of the nation. But the state of the country alarmed them. Spain is, like Italy, so recent a blend of once separate and rival principalities that the dream of independence soon revives when the control of Madrid relaxes. We all know it in Catalonia to-day, but it was much more pronounced in other districts sixty years ago. The first thing to be done after a revolution which broke the central power was to set up juntas in every city, often in villages, and to ignore Madrid, which was regarded, not unnaturally, as the symbol of despotic power and greed, the Bastille of Spain. Spain is the land of oratory. I do not for a moment admit the jibe that the national energy is expended on speech. The story I have so far told surely redeems the Spanish character in that regard. If the vigour and devotion with which we have now seen the nation fight for its elementary rights for sixty years had not needed to be absorbed in that heroic struggle, but had been wisely guided by fine monarchs with constructive tastes, the country would not have remained so backward.

However, this is no place to linger with the explanation of such characteristics as Spanish eloquence and fluency. Perhaps it is enough to

reflect that those floods of political oratory which amuse our historians are not unnatural after two or five or even ten years of brutal suppression of discussion. The result was that all sorts of social and political experiments were projected in the provinces while there was no power at Madrid to control them. There is no need to describe all these, but the salient notes do give us a clue to the frame of mind of—if we exclude the peasants—the mass of the people. The quite general characteristic of these local programmes was that they were far too advanced for the liberal leaders. They wanted religious freedom, the abolition of conscription, manhood suffrage, and so on. As speedily as possible the leaders at Madrid agreed upon a few points—exclusion of the Bourbons, freedom of the press, purity of elections—and announced the election.

As there were four or five parties in the ruling group at Madrid there was not the usual official manipulation of the results. Professor Clarke complains that his “mob” intimidated moderate voters, but we saw that in each city an effective police had been provided. In point of fact most of the deputies returned belong to the progressive liberal group. There were a few absolutists and Carlists and about sixty republicans, but the new Cortes was solidly in favour of a constitutional monarchy. It confirmed Serrano as provisional head of the executive and passed a few measures on which all were agreed (limited monarchy,

freedom of the press, trial by jury, the legality of civil marriage), but it is significant that the Cortes was very much disturbed when freedom of worship was proposed. It would pass only a measure of toleration for foreigners and those Spaniards who renounced the Church. Catholicism must remain the state religion.

Naturally these measures displeased the extremists on both sides. The clergy grumbled, and there were Carlist risings, while the more advanced workers of the towns scorned what they called the weakness of the Cortes. In the provinces of Catalonia and Valencia the republicans and federalists were in the majority, and there were outbreaks. There was also a bewildering intrigue of the supporters of the various candidates for the throne, and the treasury was worse than empty. Isabel had left four shillings in it and a deficit of £25,000,000. A very dangerous irritation and disappointment were spreading over the country, and the leaders compromised as well as they could and proposed Amadeo of Savoy, second son of Victor Emmanuel of Italy, for the throne. His name was submitted to the Cortes, and it was accepted by only 191 votes out of 311. There were 63 votes for a republic and 27 for Montpensier.

It is a pity that the Italian prince accepted the crown when he heard that considerably more than a third of the representatives of the people voted against him, and he ought to have known

that the nobles and the clergy would oppose him as the son of a man whom the Pope denounced as a robber. While he was crossing the sea, moreover, there was another warning which he disregarded. The man who had done most for his candidature and to whom he must chiefly look was General Prim. It is said that the French Emperor had offered to make Prim president of a Spanish republic if he would get Spanish help for him against the Prussians. Prim is reported to have said : "There shall be no republic in Spain as long as I live." The republicans, especially of Barcelona, now hated him, for he was the son of a Catalonian butcher and was regarded by them as a renegade. He was shot and mortally wounded while Amadeo was on the sea.

It was at once said that the republicans had assassinated him, but there is a very unpleasant mystery about the murder. About a hundred arrests were made. The trial lasted years, occupied thirteen different magistrates, and fills a small library of reports. Yet it came to no conclusion. Major Hume, who was closely connected with Spain at this time, says that the crime was "vaguely" attributed to the republicans, but that it is "significant" that the men actually involved in the outrage were assisted to escape from Spain by "those in high station who were certainly not rebels." Years afterwards, he says, he himself found men in Spanish jails in connection

with the crime, and they were not criminals and had had no trial ; they just "knew too much." Hume obviously knew the truth and would not tell it, probably because guilty men were still alive and in power. He tells us only that the crime must not be attributed to any member of the deposed royal house or to any organized political party. In fine, he says that Prim was sacrificed "by a few muddle-brained visionaries of one faction pushed on by the vengeful spite of a smaller number still of the higher placed members of another." This seems to confirm an opinion widely held in Madrid that agents of the Duke de Montpensier had induced some fanatical young republicans to murder General Prim.

Perhaps Prince Amadeo knew that the aim was to drive him back to Italy. With more courage than wisdom he decided to go on to Madrid. It was the middle of winter, and the chill of the snow-covered city was not warmed by any very cordial reception. He made a brave show, as he rode at the head of his escort, and he was in fact a young man of great energy and very conscientious aims. He meant to rule Spain constitutionally and devote his life to its welfare. But from the start his enterprise was quite hopeless. He went first to the royal chapel in the monastery of Atocha—which was very edifying, but there was not a monk or prelate present who did not reflect that his father had just

“stolen” Rome from the Pope—and then to the Cortes, where a hundred bitterly hostile deputies heard him take the oath to the Constitution. They smiled when he said “*Yo juro*” (I swear), for the Spanish *j* is a guttural sound which few foreigners can produce accurately. The joke ran round Spain. “King Macaroni” could not even speak Spanish.

It is a dreary story. King Amadeo turned at once to his duties with great energy. The Carlists had taken the field again; Cuba had declared itself independent; the country was in a state of thorough economic disorganization and political unrest. Amadeo rose at six to begin his formidable work and asked for his breakfast at eight. The servants were sullen. It was not the custom in the palace to find breakfast before eleven. For weeks he went out every morning at eight to a *café* to get breakfast. Many blamed his weakness; many were shocked at his direct and simple ways; just a few learned to respect him. Castelar, the republican leader, met him on foot in the street and, like the fine gentleman he was, raised his hat. The king expressed his surprise, and Castelar said, “My salute is not to royalty but to the bravest man in Christendom.”

The nobles had not the fine courtesy of Castelar. They boycotted the court and sneered at its economy and simplicity. The queen was convalescent from childbirth when Amadeo left Italy, and she came a few months later, still in delicate

health, and was received frigidly. The king and she settled in a single pleasant suite in the vast palace and set a much-needed example of economy. Naturally those who had lived for years on the palace extravagance were hostile. Only a few of the intellectuals, who appreciated his sincerity and affability, accepted the Sunday invitations to the palace. The noble dames got up specially grand balls and parties in their own palaces. At the Carnival the queen tried to please the people by wearing the national lace mantilla. She chose white. The ladies of the aristocracy chose black, and some of the young "nobles" hired a group of prostitutes, dressed them in white mantillas like that of the queen, and sent them out in carriages in the Prado.

Amadeo was fairly well received when, in the early summer, he made a tour of the country, and, after a futile trial of Serrano and the liberals, he had a radical ministry working well under Ruiz Zorilla. There was a drastic economy in the administration, and a foreign loan of £6,000,000 was successfully floated. It was all spoiled by a quarrel of Zorilla and Sagasta, who was moving from radicalism to moderate liberalism, and Sagasta obtained power. The country was by this time so largely radical and republican that Sagasta used every corrupt art of the earlier ministries to influence and falsify the elections. It was proved, when the Cortes

met, that he had not only tampered with the votes, but he had taken £60,000 from the funds of the Colonial Office and spent it in bribery. Sagasta was forced to retire and Serrano returned to power.

These things encouraged the Carlists. The son of Don Carlos had been taken prisoner in war some years earlier, and he had obtained his liberty by renouncing his supposed right to the throne. With the perfidy of his type he had disowned his oath as soon as he left Spain, but he had died, and his son, Don Carlos Maria, with the egregious Gonzalez Bravo for lieutenant, now led the rebellion. It became more serious as the failure of Amadeo became apparent, and in the early summer General Serrano had to take the field and suppress it. But, to conciliate the Carlists, he gave a general amnesty, and the radicals and republicans flew to arms. Serrano now wanted the king to suspend the constitutional guarantees so that he could crush these, and, when Amadeo refused—conscientiously, as he had sworn to rule constitutionally—he resigned.

It would be wearisome to tell of all the attempts to get rid of the paralysis of the machinery of government. Zorilla tried again but could not get a majority and dissolved the Cortes. There was an unsuccessful attempt, again ascribed to agents of Montpensier, to assassinate the king and queen in the streets of Madrid, and the king may have thought that the chivalrous cheers which

afterwards greeted him showed a change of heart. They did not, and the tragedy dragged on to its close. In the new Cortes which met at the beginning of 1873 there were left in the House only forty-six of the one hundred and ninety-one deputies who had offered him the crown. He was the king of a dwindling faction. Radicals and republicans pointed out that monarchy would not work, and they were winning the majority of the townsfolk. Against this the royalists and property-owners reacted by forming a National League, which obviously relied on the army and the Church.

The government precipitated the issue by an act that seems foolish, but its radical supporters probably insisted that it was a matter of principle. It nominated an unpopular radical officer, who had offended the others by sympathizing with the mutinous sergeants in 1866, to a command in the Basque provinces. This led to a furious agitation and a shower of resignations, and the government proposed to accept the resignations and promote the non-commissioned officers. Very well, said Amadeo, I must rule constitutionally. He signed the decrees, and he a few days later handed in his resignation. The prospect was hopeless, and the queen was ill with anxiety. She had to be carried to her carriage, and so little care was paid to the departing pair, as they made for Portugal, that the king himself had at one place to go and buy a cup of soup for the queen. He has the

sympathy of all historians, and he very conscientiously tried to serve Spain and conciliate the Spaniards, but he ought to have been more strongly advised in Italy, and to have seen that a faction which happened to be predominant could not graft him on the Spanish nation.

Don Carlos Maria, a tall, handsome, dashing, full-bearded man, though with all the voluptuousness and poor character of his stock, now made a bolder bid for the throne. The ambition of this miserable family, which was particularly blessed by the Church, had already cost the country tens of thousands of lives and millions of ill-spared pesetas, yet in the next year or two it was to spread war again over the north and cause terrible confusion in the most dangerous period of the country's history. Some readers may think it unnecessary to remind them of the complicity of the Church, but it is just because so many writers politely pass this over that people do not understand the attitude of Spain and the flaming outbreak against the Church at nearly every revolution. In France also the Church helped the Carlists. In the reaction to the Communist rising of 1871 the government was for the last time Catholic, and it gave every encouragement to the Carlists, who drew ample supplies along the Franco-Spanish frontier. When the Madrid government protested, Marshal MacMahon, the last Catholic President of France, sourly refused to interfere. With this great advantage in the

south of France and the further advantage of locality in the Basque provinces the Carlists advanced until, in the summer of 1874, they had a hundred thousand men in the field and compelled the almost bankrupt nation to support an army of 375,000 men, while the workers were on all sides fighting for the abolition of conscription.

We must do full justice to that serious element in the grave confusion that was about to break upon Spain. When Amadeo had gone, both Houses of Parliament met together as a National Assembly and declared Spain a Republic. It is said that their act was illegal and unconstitutional, but the point is trivial. It was the Cortes that had set up limited monarchy, and the same Cortes abolished it. In any case, they declared their act to be subject to ratification by the Constituent Cortes that was to be elected. There was no room for doubt about the issue. Spain was declared a Republic by 258 votes against 32, and a distinguished lawyer, Figueras, was appointed provisional President. He was able to announce that, except for a not important riot at Seville, the whole country had received the news quietly. But disorder soon began. The ministry was still too moderate for some and too bold for others. It abolished conscription, which was the most consistent demand of the country, though the Carlists were now in formidable strength in the north and several other provinces

were almost in revolt because they demanded separate government or because Madrid was not sufficiently radical. Bands calling themselves "Volunteers of Liberty" were enrolled everywhere, and there can be little doubt that numbers of men who preferred this safe and undisciplined kind of soldiery to work enlisted in them.

In these circumstances the new Cortes, which declared for the Republic by 210 votes against 2, is said to have little significance. The Carlists held the north, the Catalonians held themselves independent, and Andalusia was in a state of great confusion. It is true that something less than half the country voted, but we can certainly count the Catalonians and Andalusians as advanced republicans, as no one will dispute, and we see that the voting section of Spain, in fact we may say the great majority of the middle class and the town workers, were at this time radical and republicans. It would be strange if it were otherwise after nearly sixty years' experience of monarchy.

Most of our historians now draw a horrid picture of the anarchy into which Spain fell as a result of what they call the victory of the mob. I should like to be just as candid about such outrages as took place in the course of the next nine months as I was about earlier, but the historians tell us little more than that, in very vague language, there was "savage violence" here and "terrible disorder" there. Let it not

blind us to one important fact: neither at the expulsion of Isabel nor the abdication of Amadeo did the new rulers indulge in any reprisals. That sort of vindictiveness was peculiar to the clerical-conservative party, and was almost invariably indulged by them after a return to power. What bloodshed there was occurred chiefly in the suppression of the radical or socialist groups which seized power in provincial cities and rejected the authority of Madrid. And a second point of interest is that, while all the leaders in Madrid protected and adhered to the Church, the workers of the towns bitterly assailed it, jeered at its ceremonies, and in places wrecked its buildings. I make the point because many try to draw a parallel in this respect with the French Revolution. It is false on both sides. Danton and Robespierre did their utmost to keep the Catholic Church established in France, and it was the people who abandoned it in spite of their efforts. So in Spain few leaders were anti-clerical, and these earnestly deprecated violence. It was the people who attacked the clergy.

On the other hand, this spectacle of anarchy in Spain in 1873 and 1874 must be considered candidly even by democrats. Historians who talk lightly of mob law and mob violence and Spanish unpreparedness for liberal institutions do not seem to know that the English Reform (at the slenderness of which we all now smile) of 1832 was only wrested from the king by the threat of

civil war by hundreds of thousands of English workers, in the north and midlands especially, who made arms and drilled nightly. In Spain, too, there was the complication that a Carlist army that at this time never numbered less than fifty thousand men occupied a very large part of the country and threatened the rest. And there was, finally, the peculiar difficulty that the provinces had been held to Madrid only by the Castilian monarchy, which was now destroyed, and they claimed a right to independence on a federal basis. The general idea was that they should form a United States of Spain on the American model, with perfect freedom to each state to set up its own social, political, and legal forms. Andalusia wanted a cantonal policy of the Swiss type, with the consequence that hundreds of quite incompetent men, sometimes idealists, sometimes sheer adventurers, seized local power. In different places there were attempts to abolish private property, to abolish militarism, to grant remarkable liberties of individual and social conduct. In many places the prisons were thrown open, and we know what to expect.

Pi y Margall, the noble-minded idealist who confronted this anarchy from the presidential office at Madrid, after Figueras had given up in despair, was unfit for the task. His high character and aims no one questions, but he could neither resign himself to the dismemberment of Spain nor reconcile himself to the use of force.

His ministry proposed, besides the separation of Church and State and a more advanced Constitution, costly if admirable schemes like free general education. But it consented also to decentralization, and no taxes came to the empty treasury from the severed provinces. It supported the abolition of conscription, and the Carlists were making rapid progress, while the republican troops were unpaid, badly fed, in rags, and in a shocking state of indiscipline. Almost every large town except Madrid and Cordova had thrown off the authority of Madrid. Pi y Margall sadly recognized that human nature was not so amenable to idealist persuasion as he had supposed, and he made way for Salmeron, the leader of the Unitarian (non-federalist) republicans.

Salmeron at first showed great energy in reducing the rebellious cities and provinces. It was at this stage that serious fighting began, and we should bear in mind that it was the republicans themselves who were trying to restore order. There was very severe fighting before Seville was reduced. Travellers who during the last thirty or forty years have spoken so much about its piety may be surprised to learn that nearly sixty years ago the city made a stern fight for the most advanced ideas. Salmeron was uneasy and was disturbed by the criticisms of his humanitarian friends, and Castelar took the helm. We should, in fact, recognize the difficulty of the reformers. Nothing but a strong military force could restore

order in Spain, and who was to say what this military machine would do in the political world when it became thoroughly efficient and powerful? We shall see that in fact the military Frankenstein which Castelar was forced to create turned on the Republic and destroyed it.

Whatever the consequences, Castelar saw that he must create a strong army to beat back the advancing Carlists and reduce the separated provinces. It took, for instance, a long and formidable siege, by army and navy, to reduce the workers of the city of Cartagena, and more than a hundred thousand men were needed to hold up the Carlist advance. It took five days' fighting to reduce Seville. And all this had to be done with the finances in such a condition that six financial ministers were appointed in ten months, and each drew back in horror and despair. Loans had to be obtained abroad at a ruinous rate of interest. Castelar, the humanitarian and republican, was fiercely assailed by his own friends, and some historians describe him as dictator, yet, when the military leaders urged him to continue to govern without a Cortes, which ought soon to assemble, he said: "I will not risk one tittle of legality." He would defend his conduct before the Cortes, he said, and if he were beaten he would "retire in bitterness of soul to bewail in my home the misfortunes of my country."

The Cortes met in January, and the radicals

of all sections hastened to the slaughter. I am here neither defending nor blaming any but simply recording the facts about the short-lived Republic. Castelar, who was Spain's finest orator, defended himself brilliantly in an all-night sitting, but his critics were the majority, and at five in the morning they elected his successor. To their consternation the military bugle was then heard signalling to troops outside, and officers entered the Chamber and ordered the deputies to quit. When they refused, a company of soldiers appeared, and the deputies scattered.

It is hardly necessary to say that Castelar had known nothing of this *coup* that had been planned, and he afterwards disavowed it. General Pavia, who had reduced the insurgent cities for him, had on his own responsibility kept his troops near the House and dispersed the deputies. He seems to have been an honest moderate republican. He called together representatives of all the groups except the Carlists and the Cantonalists and urged them to form a government ; and then he quietly went off—the “Flower of a Day,” the wits called him—to his military duties. Serrano was the next president, and, while he was busy subduing Cartagena and fighting the Carlists, the anti-republican movement made great progress in Madrid.

The advanced workers were cowed and demoralized. Middle-class men wearily and

vaguely said that apparently a republic meant anarchy. The clergy, the nobles, the wealthy, and the women were all royalists ; and the military and others felt that if they could be won for Alfonso, Isabel's son, the cause of Don Carlos would droop, and the country would have a chance to recover. It is intelligible that there should be so little resentment of the agitation that was now openly carried on. People were bewildered and disgusted by the feverish experiences of nine months of a Republic and were incapable of calm analysis, of asking themselves whether at last the Republic was not making good. A great Carlist victory in the summer of 1874 impelled people still more in the direction of Alfonso.

That prince was at Sandhurst but in close touch with the Conservative leader, Cánovas del Castillo, who carefully watched and fostered the new royalist development in Spain. Toward the end of 1874 he concluded that the time was ripe and he drafted for the new prince a manifesto to the nation. He was, he said, at once a Catholic and a Liberal. He would govern constitutionally, as a limited monarch, without violence, if he were accepted. Those who made inquiries heard favourable reports of his character and personality. On December 29th General Martínez Campos declared for Alfonso XII and practically the whole army rallied to him. General Serrano made no resistance ; indeed

the few available troops were inadequate for it. Cánovas del Castillo announced himself Regent on behalf of Alfonso, and the Republic was over without a battle.

CHAPTER X

CORRUPTION UNDER ALFONSO XII

IT is scarcely a year since the English public were being assured, for the thousandth time, that the great majority of the Spanish people were devoted to their Church and monarchy. At every return of the clerical-conservatives to power during the last sixty years the same assurances have been given by journalists, travellers, and even historians, and the next victory of the radicals and anti-clericals comes as a bewildering surprise. The true historical situation is that the progressive element in the nation has grown steadily since the death of Ferdinand VII, indeed since the year 1812, and it has merely been prevented by a brutal system of repression from attaining its full development earlier.

At this point of my narrative, however, I would, in spite of the contrary assurances of some radical Spanish historians, admit a very considerable decay of advanced sentiments. The situation is much the same as it was in France after 1870, and the inducement to return to the older ideas was even greater. The workers of Spain had in the days of the first Republic dis-

covered to an amazing extent that they were Communists or Socialists, and the threat to the economic interests of the middle-class and the wealthy disposed large numbers to abandon the republican idea, as in France they abandoned anti-clericalism, which seemed to bear such baleful fruit. A new era opened for the monarchy and the Church, and we have now to see what use they made of their opportunity, and how the attitude of the nation at large came to change once more.

The new monarchy, it is proper to notice, was cradled in deceit. The manifesto of Alfonso had been quite openly delivered, and the authorities had made no serious attempt to prevent the circulation of it. But Cánovas del Castillo, the Conservative leader, had assured the government that they would employ only legal and Constitutional weapons, and that they would take no advantage of the preoccupation of the country with the Carlist war. On the faith of this promise General Serrano had gone north to conduct the war. But General Martínez Campos and other Alfonsists felt that their task would be more difficult if Serrano returned with the prestige of victory, and they decided to violate the engagement. It is said that Cánovas del Castillo was not informed. We shall find that statesman so little sensitive to moral principles in the political field that we may have our doubts.

The government received information that

General Campos was about to issue a pronunciamiento in Madrid, and the Captain General of New Castille, General Primo de Rivera—fitting forerunner of the later Dictator—deceived the ministers with an emphatic assurance that the report was untrue. He did not therefore arrest Campos, as he was instructed to do, and that general escaped to the provinces and issued his manifesto in favour of Alfonso. There were conservative officers who declared this to be treason in face of the enemy (the Carlists), as it obviously was, but the bulk of them shared the clerical-conservative maxim that the end justifies the means. When the news reached Madrid, the Captain General, who, says Professor Clarke, “played the less honourable part of traitor within the government camp,” again deceived the ministers and said that he and the Madrid troops, for which he was responsible, were loyal to the Republic. General Serrano was similarly duped by officers at the front. When the revolt had reached a point of safety, Primo de Rivera told the ministers that he and his troops were for Alfonso. It was thus a bloodless revolution, for it would have been inhuman to fling a loyal minority of troops against the royalist majority, but it was effected by deceit and treason in face of the enemy.

We shall presently gather for ourselves the character of the “stunted, plain, underbred-looking youth” (Professor Clarke says) who came

from Sandhurst to occupy the throne. He was at first too young to exercise any power, and in fact the two astute statesmen, Cánovas del Castillo (who was virtual dictator for the first six years) and Sagasta (the Liberal leader) governed Spain during the ten years he was on the throne. There was, as I said, a weary resignation to the new order of things where there was not some zeal for it, partly in the hope of reward, partly as a defence against communism. The active and intransigent rebels were reduced to such small parties that the government had little fear of them for the next ten years, and it was generally enough to break up their organizations and prevent their growth by rigorous press laws and control of clubs and meetings. In addition the influence of the Church was enlisted. Alfonso was instructed to ask the Pope's blessing on his reign, and to the dismay of the Carlists he got it ; but Cánovas del Castillo had assured the clergy that there should be a large increase in the budget of the department of public worship (or in their salaries), and that the odious law of religious liberty would be repealed. Others were simultaneously assured that religious liberty would be further developed.

We may regard all this as legitimate political engineering, and we may not quarrel with the wily Premier's policy of attracting men to his body, or disarming critics, by the bribe of honours and profitable offices. We may even take a

lenient view of his practice of evading the discharge of his promises by resigning at times, allowing another man to bear the brunt of the agitation, and then resuming office. But there is one aspect of the development that we must consider more seriously. One of the chief curses of Spain from the "glorious restoration" onward, one of the first pretexts of the usurpation of power by the Marquis de Estella in 1923, was the corruption of the political world; the habitual and most cynical manipulation of the results of elections, the collusion of the apparently rival parties to succeed each other in office every few years, the graft which pervaded the entire administrative system. This pernicious scheme was developed by the two leading statesmen of the reign of Alfonso XII. From this time elections tell almost nothing about the sentiments of the people, and I shall not waste the reader's time by describing the rise and fall, generally by collusion, of innumerable ministries in the next half century. Alfonso XII, Alfonso XIII, and the Church fully approved of and profited by the system.

The Conservative leader proposed this amiable arrangement to the Liberal leader as soon as Alfonso mounted the throne. Let Señor Sagasta and his followers confine their opposition to eloquence in the press, and in a few years they should have office and its emoluments. Both parties agreed that this was "best for the

country" ; and they agreed that these radical malcontents who would not submit to it must be repressed as enemies of the country. For a year Cánovas del Castillo was then permitted to dispense with a Cortes and rule by means of autocratic decrees. His lavish promises to the Church, the realization of which the country would not tolerate, he evaded by resigning for a time and putting in a man of straw to repudiate the promises as impracticable. Then he resumed office and summoned the Cortes. The franchise was still liberal, but the country was in a mood of weariness or reaction, and not much manipulation of the election returns was required.

English readers find it difficult to believe in this deliberate doctoring of election-returns, but it was one of the most notorious features of Spanish life from 1876 to 1923. There were times when papers in the confidence of the government indiscreetly published the exact results of an election before it took place. The machinery created by Cánovas del Castillo was that in each electoral centre a *cacique*, or "boss" (in American political terminology), was established to represent the government, and on the eve of an election he received instructions how the results were to appear. He also saw to the appointment of "sound" men as mayors, judges, etc., and Madrid pulled the wires of the entire political and administrative life of the country.

The docile new Cortes at once passed a law

that in future only men with a property of a certain value should vote—in other words, they excluded all the artisans, who naturally turned to Socialism, Communism and Anarchism—and altered the Constitution. A very conservative Senate, with eighty hereditary or clerical members (nobles, grandees, archbishops), a hundred appointed by the crown, and eighty elected by generally conservative bodies, controlled the Lower House, of 456 deputies, whose chief privilege was futile grumbling. The Church was conciliated, the press was further restricted, and local authorities were purified and empowered to deal with rebels. The Pope's blessing on the new régime had demoralized the Carlists. Even Cabrera, who had become respectable through residence in England, now urged submission. Thirteen thousand families were banished from their homes in the north because father or son was in the Carlist armies. After these preparations the young king led his army of forty thousand men for the last campaign. At least in publicity reports he led the troops. In fact, he was kept under cover as far as possible and sent back to Madrid in a fortnight. The war went on until the new Don Carlos and the rump of his followers crossed the frontier into France. A large part of the army was then transferred to Cuba, to crush the rebellion, but we will return later to that.

With the end of the Carlist trouble in sight the

government tried to get boldly out of its dilemma in regard to the Church. The extraordinary outburst of the workers against the monasteries in nearly every city of Spain at the fall of Alfonso XIII makes it very necessary to study closely the fortunes of the Church after the restoration of the monarchy. I might say, in a word, that the new type of government relied essentially on the support of the Church, and the Church pressed the successive ministries until it, in the last two decades of the nineteenth century, obtained wealth and power such as it had not enjoyed since Napoleon.

But on this side popular sentiment was at first more stubborn than as regards monarchy. When therefore Cánovas de Castillo wanted to grant non-Catholics liberty of worship, for the country was determined to have at least that remnant of freedom, the Church was aflame. He curtailed even this by adding that non-Catholics would have no right to "public manifestations," but the thunder continued. The Pope denounced him for this monstrous proposal to allow Protestants to have services in their own chapels, and the ex-queen Isabel, who had promptly returned, worked up the aristocratic ladies of Madrid to the point of hysteria. The Catholic leader called the proposal "a crime against the nation, morality, and religion." But the country at large demanded the measure. Isabel was driven back to Paris and the Cortes passed it. Probably the

Premier had quietly explained to the prelates that his judges would rule, as they did, that the prohibition of "public manifestations" made it illegal for Protestants even to insert advertisements of their services in the press. More than half a century after the granting of Catholic Emancipation in England this was the law against Protestants in Spain.

By 1878 Alfonso was understood to have attained manhood, and he proposed to marry a daughter of the hated Duke de Montpensier. He had seen a good deal of her during his holidays at Vichy in Sandhurst days, and he was genuinely in love with her. She was a beautiful girl of seventeen, and most people were reconciled to the proposal; though one bold deputy in the Cortes recalled the crimes of which her father was supposed to be guilty. Isabel loathed the match, but the family generally met at Madrid for the ceremony. People pointed out to each other a little wizened figure in one of the coaches as Don Francisco, the king's father, the patron of the bleeding nun. Even Cristina came to Madrid, but she was too ill to attend the wedding, and she died soon afterwards. Isabel was not invited. She was now flirting in Paris with the wife of Don Carlos.

The unfortunate young queen died of typhus, though it was rumoured that she was poisoned on account of her father's crimes, five months after the wedding, and seventeen months later

the king contracted a conventional royal marriage—though the press, as is customary, described the wooing in the tenderest terms—with the Austrian Archduchess Maria Cristina. She was decidedly one of the ten plagues of Spain. A cold and austere puritan, she caused Alfonso to turn aside at once to seek pleasure with other women, and from that time until his death he had associates of low character and indulged freely in intrigues with actresses and others. Even Miss Rachel Challice is, in her *Secret History of the Court of Spain*, very candid about the amours of Alfonso XII. He had two children, she says, by the popular but not very refined comedienne Elena Sanz. Maria Cristina soundly boxed the ears of Alfonso's favourite and purveyor, the Duke of Sexto, for introducing the lady, and she created a stormy scene when she one day found Alfonso going off to an assignation in the park. She repeatedly threatened to leave the Spanish court and return to Vienna on account of the king's infidelities.

It is a pity that the ministers did not allow her to do so, for her fanatical zeal for the Church brought grave trouble upon the country during her term of Regency for Alfonso XIII, as we shall see in the next chapter. Let us first finish the political comedy. When the Conservatives had been three years in power, the Liberals clamoured for a turn of office. Which party the country wanted did not matter. Cánovas del Castillo held that he was entitled to six years of office

and then he would make way for Sagasta. But in spite of his iron control his own party was very restless in his fifth year of office. It was, says Professor Clarke, whom I shall quote freely in this and the next chapter as he is distinctly anti-democratic, "breaking up by reason of his inability to meet the claims of individual rapacity." In other words, he had bought up so many critics that, in spite of a scandalously extravagant expenditure, he could not keep all his promises.

Just then Marshal Martinez Campos returned in great glory, as the Pacifier from Cuba, and Cánovas recommended the king to entrust power to him. He was aware that Martinez Campos had "pacified" Cuba—in part—by heavy bribes and concessions to the rebels which the Spaniards would certainly not sanction, but a few months' retirement would permit his own troubles to evaporate. He promised his cordial support to Martinez Campos, and in six months, when it seemed convenient to return to office, he brought him down over the Cuban question and resumed power. Martinez Campos was outraged by his perfidy and joined the Liberals. There was in fact a fusion of the various shades of liberalism, with which Castelar and his republicans co-operated, and a petition, signed by two hundred and seventy-four distinguished public men, was presented to the king praying him to order progressive legislation which should bring Spain into line with European civilization. Italy had since

1870 ceased to be its colleague in stagnation. Only the Balkan States and Russia now kept it company.

The king did nothing, and Cánovas del Castillo smiled and got an overwhelming vote of confidence from the Cortes which the last manipulated election had given him. Madrid and the country now rang with angry criticism, and there was plenty of fuel for the orators. The economic condition was still shocking. There was a deficit, deceitfully hidden in the budget, every year, and the cost of collecting taxation was about one-third the leviable amount. Owners of large estates paid no taxes, or far less than they ought, by bribing officials or as a reward of loyalty to the party, while no less than 173,000 of the smaller landed proprietors, on whom the country's burden fell, were prosecuted for arrears. The best industries were in the hands of foreigners. The national life reeked with corruption, and the liberals and radicals, who claimed that their turn had come to hold office, warmly exposed it. Cánovas del Castillo serenely and cynically continued to hold the reins until this liberal oratory had stung the people to the point of riot and revolt, and he then gracefully handed power to Sagasta and left to him the odium of turning the police or cavalry upon the mobs.

In all this I am merely repeating the language of such conservative historians as Hume and

Clarke. They close the period of the Republic with a sigh of relief and hail the restoration of monarchy as a national return to sanity. But their pens become more and more cynical as they proceed, and they have to admit that the political record of the next twenty years is a sordid comedy and the neglect of the nation's economic interests a criminal tragedy. What they do not seem to see is that these things, while not justifying violence, do help us to understand the growth of Socialism and Anarchy and, since the all-powerful Church made not the least protest, the increasing hostility of the workers to it.

We are asked to see that the merit of Cánovas del Castillo during the first six years of his dictatorship was that he reconciled the Church and excluded military leaders from political life. You can always reconcile the Church by granting it almost all that it wants and holding out hope of the remainder ; and, as to the generals, another of the ten plagues of Spain, it was the adherence of a number of these to the Liberal coalition that finally disposed the Conservative leader to retire. But the rotation of political crops which he had introduced did not, as he expected, mean any real change of policy. All the eloquent speeches that Sagasta had made to his radical allies were forgotten, and there was far more violent repression than there had been in the last few years. In less than two years of office Sagasta suspended or prosecuted about

fifteen hundred municipalities because they had taken his promises seriously. There were many riots and prompt repressions. The workers cursed Sagasta more heavily than Cánovas. Ruiz Zorilla, the irreconcilable republican, the most honest man in Spain (and, of course, he was out of it, if you will pardon the expression), engineered several futile republican risings. At one place a hundred and forty officers had to be cashiered. Socialism and anarchy spread in the towns, and it is not difficult to understand how they began to hate all "bourgeois," Liberal or Conservative ; while so sullen a temper spread in the supposedly docile agricultural regions, where stark poverty and terrible taxation continued, that the rich land-owners fled to the cities, crying that there were fifty thousand armed conspirators in Andalusia alone.

It was also Alfonso XII and Sagasta who inaugurated the pro-German policy which nearly brought Spain into the field against us in the Great War. Alfonso had, as I said, been trained in Austria and Germany before he went to Sandhurst, and his admiration of German militarism was greatly enhanced by Prussia's victory over France. He was invited to visit Germany, and he seems to have had some idea that through Germany Spain might get recognition as one of the great powers of Europe. In any case, he loved soldiering as much as sport and pleasure, and his German experience made a deep im-

pression on him. Tactlessly he appeared in the uniform of an Uhlan regiment which was quartered in Strassburg and then decided to return to Spain via Paris. The insults that the Parisian crowd showered on him were diluted away by diplomacy, but they increased his bias toward Germany, and a visit to Madrid of the Crown Prince (and later Kaiser) completed the work. From that time, in spite of a temporary check in connection with the Carolines, the court, aristocracy, and higher military commanders of Spain have been generally pro-German.

The demand for an apology from France weakened Sagasta's position, and he borrowed one of his rival's tricks and handed power for a few months to his more radical allies. When he had proved that they could do nothing without him, the liberal coalition re-formed, but they could not hold power, and Cánovas del Castillo resumed it for the remainder of the reign. He was more cynical than ever, and both he and the king became generally unpopular outside aristocratic and military circles. Even their German allies gave them a painful shock. Spain claimed that the Carolines and a few smaller Pacific Islands belonged to it, yet in 1885 a German commander hoisted the German flag and claimed the group. The nervous rumour of war with France now turned to a rumour of war with Germany. But Germany did not want to

lose an ally, however feeble. It accepted an apology when the Madrid crowd attacked its legation and burned its escutcheon in the Puerta, and it submitted the quarrel to the Pope, about whose verdict Bismarck would not be uncertain.

Alfonso XII is the only member of his dynasty since the days of Napoleon who has not at some time been driven ignominiously to the frontier by the wrath of his people. It sounds an unpleasant statement, but is a prosy historical fact. It is, moreover, not at all unlikely that if he had not died at the early age of twenty-eight he also would have made a hasty journey, with the spoils of the palace, to Portugal or France. He was now old enough to appreciate the profound corruption of the political system which kept him on his throne, but he encouraged and protected it, and he was coupled with the Conservative leader in the growing anger of the country. Clarke says of Cánovas del Castillo at this stage :

He was daily less regardful of the shams which he himself had set up ; his management of elections was to the highest degree shameless and cynical ; his finance was full of mistakes and scandals ; the atmosphere was heavy with corruption.

One would maliciously like to remind Professor Clarke that this was, after Narvaez, the second best man of the clerical-conservative party which, he thinks, produced the finest men in Spain ; and

we shall not think much better of the third, Señor Maura. At the last election of Alfonso's reign the returns were cooked with such defiant cynicism that the urns were declared full of papers where it was known that very few men had voted, and the ministerial candidates had the largest majorities in places where the opposition was notoriously at its strongest. The figures were, as I said, always sent down in advance from Madrid.

The character of the king is, since he was the father of the monarch who reigned until a few months ago, described in encyclopædias and even some other works in terms which are borrowed from obituary notices in conservative papers. Even Major Hume, who knew Spain very well at that time, uses such language as this :

The young king won golden opinions everywhere . . . a tact and fulness of information in one so young . . . bright and joyous disposition, with a positive gift of graceful and winning speech and ready sympathy.

Hume admits that after the death of his first wife "he was never the same bright and merry fellow," which is rather a curious way of saying that he became cynical and flagrantly unfaithful to his wife, but he "never wavered in his duty and bore his burden bravely to the last." The truth in the last remark is that, while he admittedly made not the least move to cleanse the land of corruption and oppression or develop its resources, he

was always prompt to render assistance when flood or earthquake desolated a region. He would go down and work amongst the rescuers. But these things brought about only a momentary emotional reaction in his favour. He was steadily losing ground in his later years, and Professor Clarke's estimate of him is that of all Spanish historians who are not of the ultra school :

He never developed any individuality : at times he was stubborn, at others flippant and cynical. He believed neither in himself nor his office. He had had an adventurous bringing-up and was never firmly seated on the throne. . . . After his wife's death his life became irregular. He tried to unite a life of duty with one of pleasure, and his weak constitution soon wore out.

The last sentence sounds unpleasantly suggestive in the work of an academic historian. In point of fact, few writers seem willing to mention the disease which carried him off in 1885, at the age of twenty-eight. Miss Challice says that it was typhus, which is absurd, as all historians acknowledge that, though the ministers prevented the press from referring to it, he suffered from some progressive malady for months before he died. Apparently Meyer is correct in saying that it was consumption ; and it is curious that Alfonso XIII was conceived within three months of his father's death. The father died on November 25th, 1885. His only son was born on May 17th, 1886, just six months later.

It is not part of my business here to pass judgments. I tell the historical facts which will help the reader to understand the general attitude of the Spanish people toward monarchy and Church and the occasional violence of the uneducated crowds, who have been deprived of schools long after the workers of all other nations and have suffered more violence than any others. At the death of Alfonso it was found expedient to grant an amnesty, and this meant that no less than seven hundred sentences against the press had to be annulled. Some time before his death there were twelve hundred and sixty prosecutions in two months. For ten months the press had been mercilessly gagged, and popular feeling took those underground channels which are so very apt to lead to bloody riots and revolts. It is mild to say, as Clarke does, that "his popularity had utterly failed some years before his end." The rising tide of national anger and disgust was very formidable. He was, in plain speech, the ally of corruption and exploitation, and he profited by it to the loss of the nation. It is therefore surely not too much to say that the only Spanish Bourbon after Napoleon who had not to fly ignominiously for the frontier only escaped that fate by dying before he was thirty.

CHAPTER XI INTO THE DEPTHS

AT his death Alfonso XII had left his widow, Maria Cristina, with two little girls, but she let it be known in higher circles that she expected to have a third child. By the Constitution of 1876 she was entitled to be Regent in any case, and she presided over the grave conferences in which grandes, generals, and statesmen discussed the future. The representatives of all parties agreed to a truce until the sex of the future child was known, and the country was kept quiet by the customary machinery. Ruiz Zorilla alone tried from Paris to inspire revolt, but the bulk of the republicans, who were still very numerous, followed the moderate lead of Pi y Margall, Castelar, or Salmeron. They were all opposed to violence and were prepared to wait until the public could be won by education and legal and constitutional means. The higher command of the army was solidly conservative and violence could be mediated only by groups of civilians who courted almost certain death.

The boy Alfonso was born, as I said, six

months after the death of his father, and Maria Cristina now became Queen-Regent for her son. Naturally she had neither political ability nor political interest beyond the maintenance of the throne and the complete establishment of the power of the Church, and Cánovas del Castillo and Sagasta renewed their friendly arrangement to hold a kind of dictatorship in turns. It was agreed that there was so much advanced feeling in the country that Sagasta must have the first turn. The institutions were to be liberalized ; but Sagasta quietly assured his friend that the process would be very slow and temperate. There was so little departure from the new methods of government that it was now that a Madrid paper published the results of the general election before the election took place.

A number of seats were allotted to republicans, and even some to Carlists, and during the five years of Sagasta's term of office various liberal, but not too liberal, measures were passed. Trial by jury, which the Conservatives had abolished, was restored, but not for crimes which the government particularly wished to punish. The repressive laws controlling the press, associations, and public meetings were relaxed, but not abolished. The best achievement was a new criminal code which did away with many archaic eccentricities. A little was done for education, and trade, on almost a free-

trade basis, was promoted by treaties with the various governments of Europe.

It is quoted as proof of the waywardness of radicals and revolutionaries that the country made steady progress under a coalition, as the government really was, of all the abler statesmen and the country. In a time of peace and tranquillity there would be more progress than under the very few and mediocre statesmen who were identified with the independent movements. It was a period, too, of very considerable economic advance in most countries of Europe, and there were at this period special reasons for an advance in Spain. The wine-districts of southern France had been largely ruined, until Pasteur took up the problem and solved it, by disease, and this had greatly increased Spain's wine trade. Spanish wine was sold to the rest of Europe in French bottles, and Spain ought in fact to have made far more progress than it did. The system of taxation was iniquitous and the collection of taxes corrupt. The expenditure, especially on the army, was extravagant, and the generals insolently informed ministers who wanted to economize that they would not permit it.

We shall see more about the situation later, but two facts may be noted here in connection with the talk about Spain's progress under the new régime. One is that, as we shall see, Cánovas del Castillo admitted in the year 1892 that there had not been an honest budget pub-

lished since the restoration of the monarchy ; that there had really been an annual deficit of, on the average, about £2,500,000 and this had been added to the National Debt. The other fact is that Spain, which again had a fine literary and artistic group in its cities, was still in regard to general education far behind all the countries of Europe except Russia and the Balkan kingdoms. In 1866 twenty per cent of the people could read ; in 1886 the proportion was only twenty-eight per cent. There were supposed to be 24,529 elementary schools with 1,843,183 pupils (in seventeen and a half million people). In fact, the teachers were paid little or nothing, the "schools" were often caricatures, and the education was, as we shall see later, largely a farce.

This situation stung even more deeply the workers who arranged their pitiful revolts at times or met in secret clubs when they reflected that the power and wealth of the Church rose out of all proportion to the progress of the country.

"In less than a decade," says Houghton, "the kingdom was studded with more convents, monasteries, Jesuit colleges, Catholic schools, and foundations, than had existed in the palmy days of the houses of Austria and Bourbon."

Clerical influence penetrated every institution of learning and dominated the press and the

political world. The queen, a very strict Catholic, led the way in showering wealth on the Church and pressing for the recognition of the full Canon Law in Spain. She worked in close co-operation with Pope Leo XIII, who permitted her to have a special bishop, with a court of forty canons, in connection with the palace. She relied on the Church to extinguish revolutionary sentiment, and her procedure naturally led to grave reactions. There were serious military revolts at Madrid, where General Villacampa and six others were condemned to death, and elsewhere. The state of the army, apart from the higher command, was such that in 1886 the whole of the senior sergeants of the army, eighteen hundred in number, had to be dismissed. A telegram was sent simultaneously without warning to every barracks in Spain, and the men had not time to stir up revolt. But it was not merely the lower classes who rebelled. In 1887 the Duke of Seville, cousin of the late king, was condemned to eight years' confinement in the Balearic Isles for offensively accusing the queen-regent of being responsible for the state of the country. He escaped and continued his bitter attacks on her.

' The spirit of revolt grew so much that Señor Sagasta at length resorted to the familiar trick of resigning and putting in power a man who would bear the brunt of the general hostility. When, in a short time, he returned to power,

he announced that his government would crown its glorious record by passing a measure of universal suffrage, or granting the vote to every male of the age of twenty-four or over. This brought him the cordial support of all sections of liberalism and radicalism, and he was able to force the measure through the Cortes. This was a genuine consultation of the wishes of the country, an attempt to ease the pressure of hostile sentiment, but it led to a violent outbreak amongst the conservatives, especially the military leaders. Ever since the restoration the chief generals had given trouble. They had restored the dynasty, and it must listen to them against the politicians. General Primo de Rivera was particularly insolent, but the general feeling was such that people must have recalled Talleyrand's saying that the civil is all that is not military and the military is all that is not civil.

With the connivance of the court and the conservatives the generals became more and more overbearing as Sagasta's term of office lengthened. They were not the only opponents of reform in Cuba, for the slave-owners and industrialists were equally opposed, but they were an important part of the stubborn hostility to reform which was responsible for the later war with America. When manhood suffrage was passed, they wrote insolent letters to ministers and made direct representations to the Regent. Staff-officers at Madrid assaulted the

editor of a paper which opposed their views, and they went unpunished. One of them challenged Sagasta to a duel. In short, they pressed the queen to take power from the hands of the civilian ministers and entrust it to them. It is one of the peculiarities of Spanish life that we have to bear in mind. In no other country in modern times did the military leaders intervene so openly in politics, and this was now quite in harmony with the wishes of the court and the Church. The workers and the middle-class in increasing numbers felt that this triple alliance of army, monarchy, and clergy was the great obstacle to progress.

The queen-regent listened to the representations of the generals and nobles that the Liberals were ruining the country, and she recalled Cánovas del Castillo to power. But there was little more sincerity in the bold promises of the new Premier than in the lurid threats of opposition of the old. Sagasta was mitigated by conferring the Golden Fleece on him, and the new election, with manhood suffrage, was made to yield just the results which the conservatives desired. It is significant that they felt it necessary to assign the republicans thirty seats. Few people in England seem to have a correct idea of the strength that republicanism has maintained in Spain during the last forty years.

We are not concerned here with the policy of high tariffs which the conservatives now intro-

duced. The interested reader will find an account of the measures and results in Professor Clarke's history. But as an argument in favour of the change the Premier gave the Cortes and the country for the first time some idea of the real financial condition, or, as Professor Clarke says, he "proceeded to throw open the abyss of bankruptcy that yawned before the country." He admitted that there had been a heavy deficit every year since the restoration of the monarchy, and that ministers had added this to the National Debt instead of making any effort to reduce the debt. Whether or no the high tariffs adopted were successful need not be discussed here. For my purpose it is more material to notice that the opposition now brought out other and appalling evils which still further inflamed the workers against the existing régime and led to an increase of republicanism and Socialism.

These evils which had developed alarmingly under the new clerical-monarchist régime are not disputed. "The worst feature of Cánovas' ministries," says Clarke, "was the atmosphere of stock-jobbing that ever hung about them." The graft and general corruption were so flagrant that a party of reform arose within the ranks of the conservatives, and abuses were freely brought to light. The taxation-scandal, the corrupt release of the wealthier taxpayers and the terrible exploitation of the poorer was

an ancient evil, but the expansion of the political and administrative machinery and the new industrialism had brought further abuses and had so lowered the country that it was difficult to get an honest and able man to take over the Treasury. They looked into the accounts and departed in horror. From Madrid down to the smallest municipality in Spain the corruption and extravagance were terrible. The press told, for instance, how a recorder in the law-court at Barcelona was a blind man whose clerk guided his hand when he signed a document. He was the brother of one of Cánovas' local agents or *caciques*. Under pressure the government sent an inquirer and was informed that the man was not blind. A military relative of the blind man then nearly killed the informer with a sabre, and, when the man recovered and demanded a duel instead of an attack from behind, the queen forbade the duel. Madrid itself was rotten with corruption in official circles.

This new agitation led to such a growth of the advanced parties, of Socialism in the industrial cities and republicanism in Madrid, that Cánovas del Castillo dare not hold office for more than two and a half years. He left it to Sagasta, who was now very far from eager, to exert the violence which, he saw, would soon be necessary. Madrid was so inflamed that it was not possible to tamper with the elections there, and those who fancy that republicanism is a new fad of the

Spaniards or is imposed by a minority on a reluctant people may be surprised to learn that forty years ago the republicans of Madrid captured six out of the eight seats assigned to that city. Their leaders Pi y Margall and Salmeron were returned, and even Ruiz Zorilla was elected ; but he still refused an amnesty and remained abroad in protest against the corruption of the system. In the municipal elections which followed the radicals and the republicans made a fiery campaign against scandals, and the state of affairs exposed to the public gaze was repulsive. It was inevitable that working-class feeling should be directed against the bourgeois of both parties—Sagasta was, of course, as guilty as Cánovas in tolerating the corruption—and socialism made great progress. Riots occurred in many cities, and the repressive machinery was strengthened. At Madrid a report (which the radicals declared to be a deliberate fabrication of the government) was spread that there was a plot to blow up the Cortes, and it was made a pretext for putting all the labour leaders in jail for a time. At Bilbao and Barcelona the workers were bitterly hostile, and the bombs of the anarchist began to be heard. Twenty people were killed by a bomb in 1892. The jails were packed, and (as Clarke admits) in the ancient fortress-prison of Montjuich torture was still used to make prisoners denounce others.

This was in the early nineties, and the system

of repression became a new terror. "Holders of advanced opinions," says Clarke, "though peaceable citizens, might, if they fell into the hands of the police, be treated like wild beasts," a "terror and vengeance appeared where stern justice was needed." From victims of the terror in Barcelona, one of them a professor of great refinement and erudition, I have myself heard the full details of the terrible struggle, but instead of following it from year to year I will in the next chapter give a picture of Spain as it was when I first began to study it, a few years after the accession of Alfonso XIII. I do not belong to or write in the interest of any organization, political or other. I just put together the facts of recent Spanish history so that those who would understand even what they may dislike will have the necessary material. If, for instance, there is one party from which we all very definitely dissent it is that of the violent anarchists, a very small party even in Spain, one of whom in 1893 threw a bomb in a theatre and killed a score of men and women. Yet there are very grave facts in the Spanish life of those days which explain even the psychology of the bomb-throwers, and I have met some of these men personally.

All through the nineties or the Regency this bitter war continued. The jails were full everywhere. Torture was unquestionably used, and the worst devices of the Russian police, such as

agents *provocateurs* and even officially-directed outrages, were used by the police of Spain. The hatred engendered was now not merely against Church, monarchy, and army, but it was, in the mind of great masses of the workers, directed just as much against the middle-class politicians. On the other hand, the middle-class republican movement, of a strictly pacific and educational character, made great progress and was propagated by some of the ablest writers of Madrid, such as Perez Galdós. Many were surprised when, a few years ago, they discovered that the most brilliant and influential of Spanish novelists, Blasco Ibañez, was a republican. Galdós, who preceded him, was an even greater writer, and he not only led the republicans of Madrid at the time I have reached, but in a series of twenty brilliant historical novels (*Episodios Nacionales*) he conveyed very vividly to the whole of literate Spain the story of the struggle against monarchy and Church since 1812 which I have told. He led also the attack on the Church, and his anti-clerical dramas (*Electra*, etc.) were applauded by crowded houses in Madrid thirty years ago. Galdós was awarded the medal of the British Royal Society of Literature on the ground that he was "the most distinguished living representative of Spanish literature."

This struggle, which might have culminated in a revolution long ago, was in the closing years of the century overshadowed by the Cuban and

then the American war. These wars do not properly concern me, but we may note at least that it was the stubborn refusal of the court, generals, and politicians of the restored monarchy to institute reforms in Cuba which led to the final humiliation of Spain. No one will hesitate to-day to say that the Spanish system in Cuba and the Philippines, a relic of the older colonial policy, was a system of sordid and selfish exploitation. The planters who profited by it, the Spanish industrialists who were able to force dear and shoddy goods on the natives, the clergy in the colonies, and the nobles and generals wanted no change. Indeed, until it was almost too late politicians even of some of the republican bodies opposed reform. In 1886 a moderate measure of reform had been rejected in the Cortes by 227 votes against 17. It was not until that year that slavery was abolished, but for the mass of the Cubans nothing was done. In 1894 the radicals proposed a very temperate Home Rule bill for Cuba, and it was defeated by a coalition of all the Conservatives and a large part of the Liberals. Royalist officers at Madrid wrecked the office of a radical paper for criticizing their opposition to reform, and the authorities refused to punish them.

All this was done for the selfish profit of planters and traders, for Cuba was a costly encumbrance to the nation as a whole. Thirty thousand men had to be kept there to hold the

rebellion in check. At last General Weyler, who had been employed in "pacifying" the Philippines and was notorious for the brutality of his methods, was put in command. During thirty years Cuba had cost Spain the lives of 150,000 men and £120,000,000. The pretext of the politicians was that submission must come before reform, but all Spain now realized that Cuba was, as Clarke says, "a protected market for dear and bad Catalan goods ruthlessly plundered by a corrupt administration." Weyler, whose atrocities were well known, was sent to crush insurrection and preserve Cuba for the exploiters. He set to work "with a savagery worthy of the first Spanish conquerors" and left trails of blood and fire over the island. But Havana is only a day's sail from Florida, and the American press was soon flooded with stories, true and otherwise, of Cuban horrors.

Just at this point Cánovas del Castillo was assassinated by an anarchist. I have as far as possible refrained from comments on his character, but the reader will find it interesting to read the stern indictment of it by so conservative a writer as Professor Clarke. He tells us that this restorer of the monarchy and the Church, the great leader during eleven years of the clerical-conservative party, was "incapable of conceiving political morality"; that he organized and drew all the profit he could for himself, his friends, and his party and Church, from corruption. If this

was, as some writers say, a decade of religious revival, we can understand that the republicans and anti-clericals were not impressed by it.

Sagasta, under pressure from the American government, recalled Weyler. He refused to leave his ship at Coruña and went on to Barcelona, where, he thought, the Catalan traders would give him support. He failed to get it and he entered upon a press campaign. When the government insisted that he be punished for what amounted to an act of treason, he was brought before a court martial and acquitted. But the insolence of the generals was now about to receive a terrible shock. While Sagasta was straining every nerve to conciliate America, the "Maine," which lay in Havana harbour to protect American citizens, was blown up, with appalling loss of life (February 15th, 1898). All offers of mediation or arbitration were refused, and war was declared. The navy was poor and the treasury empty as usual. When the Queen-Regent opened a national subscription with a personal gift of a million pesetas she had a painful reminder of her position in the country. The entire sum subscribed, apart from her gift, did not amount to half a million pesetas. She was violently attacked on all sides. Castelar, in a French periodical, declared that she was the Marie Antoinette of Spain.

Stripped of her colonies, devastated in her finances, her navy humiliated and destroyed,

Spain turned sadly to the work of reconstruction. Cuba had been a source of profit to individuals and the Church but a heavy liability to the nation, and the loss did not in itself make the national task harder. But the new clerical-conservative leader, Silvela, was a mediocre statesman who was mainly occupied with small stratagems to maintain his power. When the financial minister made an attempt at reform, he was met by strong protests all over the country. A National Union of Taxpayers was formed, and there were such serious risings that many of the larger cities had to be put under martial law.

Sagasta returned to power, and he employed General Weyler to repress the trouble in Barcelona. We shall see more about its condition in the next chapter, and I will here say only that the brutality of the repression was so shocking that Sagasta was again driven from office.

In the meantime—he held power for eighteen months—the Liberal leader had had a characteristic conflict with the Church, under pressure from his more advanced supporters. The suppression of religious orders in France and the flight of monks from the lost colonies had led to a great increase of the already enormous army of priests, monks and nuns in Spain, and all of them were exempt from taxation, even in regard to the industries and trade in which many were occupied. Under a régime, moreover, which

was so favourable to the Church, they had been permitted to ignore the few existing restrictions on them. Public opinion now demanded that at least the law of 1887, which compelled them to register themselves with the civic authority, should be enforced, and Sagasta notified them to that effect. There was a very violent opposition on the part of the clergy, and Sagasta meekly accepted the "compromise" which the Papal Nuncio suggested. It was that the monks should apply for authorization on condition that it was understood that every application would be granted ! Then Sagasta turned back to the task of repressing people who did not see the courage and wisdom of his policy.

CHAPTER XII

SPAIN UNDER ALFONSO XIII

IN May, 1902, Alfonso XIII began his long reign. Here is the coronation-oath of the man who twenty years afterwards co-operated with, if he did not inspire, a truculent and unscrupulous military bully to crush every constitutional liberty in Spain :

I swear before God upon the Holy Gospel to maintain the Constitution and the law. If I do so, God will reward me : if not, he will require an account of me.

But it was noticed at the time and regarded by liberals as a grave omen that in the coronation ceremonies the ministers of State were treated as the least important of the persons present. The nobles, generals, and prelates almost pushed them out of sight, and fears were expressed that government by camarilla seemed to be in some danger of returning.

Alfonso was, we saw, a posthumous child, and he knew nothing about the gaieties of his father's life. His mother had had him reared in a narrow world of piety and royal privileges, and he

naturally turned to the court clique and the clergy for inspiration. He was still, of course, a mere boy, for he was considered to have come of age on his sixteenth birthday, and the reactionaries easily got his consent to whatever they willed. Against the advice of his Premier, a strict Catholic, he, at the pressure of his clerical advisers, sanctioned the appointment to the see of Valencia of the Archbishop of Manila, a fanatical prelate whom the Americans had not encouraged. He instructed or permitted the Premier to be instructed, to demand of the Cortes a revision of the Concordat and power to raise a loan to indemnify the religious orders for the property they had lost in the days of the Republic. The liberal and radical deputies stormed against the outrage, and, with the king's consent, the Premier attempted to suspend the parliamentary immunity of a hundred and forty deputies so that they could be prosecuted for "treason." Before he was twenty years old Alfonso took a personal interest in all these acts, and indeed the radicals already bitterly complained that he was going beyond his constitutional powers.

In 1906 he married an English princess, who discovered the truth of the Catholic faith and was awarded the highly prized Golden Rose by the Pope. The European press was, as is customary, flooded with assurances of the attachment of the Spanish people to their zealous

and fascinating young monarch, and at first it came as a severe shock to all to learn that an anarchist, Matteo Morales, flung a bomb, hidden in a bouquet, at the royal couple during the wedding procession. The world was assured that the man belonged to a very small group of quite unrepresentative workers whose brains had been turned by the teaching of a certain Francisco Ferrer, who was arrested and put on trial. Spain was not at the time under martial law, and Ferrer had to be tried in the civil court. The judges honestly declared that there was no evidence, yet the Attorney General (or Fiscal) prolonged the trial for months, having Ferrer detained in jail and brought handcuffed into court. During all that time the clerical press and the pulpit were permitted to say what they liked about Ferrer. I have a cartoon-postcard, which they issued during the trial, representing Morales issuing from Ferrer's school with a bomb in his hand. It was proved that Morales, who was no workman but a highly educated youth of a well-to-do family, had never studied in any of Ferrer's schools, and had never consulted with any person about his design. After months of flagrantly unscrupulous efforts to secure a conviction, Ferrer, whose case was now being closely watched from all the capitals of Europe, had to be discharged.

But the reader will find it useful to inquire a little more closely into these anarchist outrages

which for thirty years or more were made to serve in the eyes of Europe for the pretext of such police and other official outrages as became generally known. Anarchy as a political theory, or the view that all central government leads to corruption—it is nearer to Fascism than to Socialism—made considerable progress in Spain ; and perhaps my account of the political development under the restored monarchy will explain this.

If any reader feels that possibly I have overdrawn the picture, let me quote a few Spanish writers of the early years of Alfonso's reign, the longer passages from, and exact references to, whom will be found in my *Martyrdom of Ferrer* (1909). The strict Catholic writer, Ramon de Torre-Isunza, who dedicated his book respectfully to the king in the first year of his reign, uses throughout language which is far stronger than any I use here. Spain has “a corrupt society and corrupting authority,” and the political system is “based on immorality and ignorance” and is run by “a number of gentlemen who take office for the purpose of exploitation” and are “bound by no law and have respect neither for God nor for man.” (The government was Catholic-Conservative at this date.) In short, “we are not far removed from a veritable savagery,” “our religion is a pharisaic formalism,” and “there is no such deep immorality in any other State in the world.” This

book is inscribed "The truth for His Majesty the King" and respectfully dedicated to him by a fervent Catholic and Conservative.

Such had Spain become under Queen Maria Cristina and her forty canons ; such it would remain for another score of years, for Alfonso XIII never made the least effort to reform it. I have in my book quoted a dozen other Spanish writers to the same effect, but, as there is no dispute about the facts, it will suffice here to quote two. In the following year (1903) the Madrid Athenæum of Science and Letters, one of the most important cultural institutions of the country, issued a collective work, incorporating the statements in debate of its most distinguished members, on the existing political corruption. The Spanish title of the work, which I will translate literally, is significant enough : *Oligarchy and Caciquism as the Actual Form of Government in Spain*. The two witnesses I would quote from this work are Señor Maura, the successor of Cánovas del Castillo as leader of the clerical-conservative party, and Count Romanones, the great Liberal leader. Both admit the facts and deplore "the virulence of our social and political malady," in Maura's words. All historians agree.

When General de Rivera seized power, in co-operation with the king, in 1923, on the pretext that the politicians were corrupt and inefficient, many were under the impression that

there had been some recent deterioration in Spanish political life. On the contrary, such had been the system for nearly forty years, ever since the restoration of the monarchy ; and, since I have here to explain the sharp revolts against the Church as well as the monarchy, let me remind the reader that during just those forty years the Church enjoyed in Spain more power and wealth than in any other country in the world.

We hardly wonder that in such circumstances many Spaniards adopted the view with which we are familiar from the writings of Count Tolstoi and Prince Krapotkin, that central government always leads to corruption. But it was only here and there that one or other, or perhaps a very small group, of these Anarchists went on to say that the political system should be overthrown by violence. The great majority—and I have spoken with many of them—abhorred violence as Tolstoi did. Far be it from me to justify violence, but let me tell a few facts, which are known to few, about the origin and real extent of the bomb-throwing in Barcelona.

In 1892 there had been a revolt of the peasants in Andalusia, which so many foolishly imagine to be a land of song and laughter, and the repression had been very brutal. Many were executed without trial. Those who were arrested were in many cases tortured, in ways that I

will describe presently, to make them denounce other men. In short, the authorities used the rising as a pretext to weed out republicans and anti-clericals. The papers of Madrid and Barcelona described how men were shot or sentenced to ten or fifteen years in prison on the statements extracted by torture, and this led to the first bomb-outrage. It was followed by the horrible throwing of a bomb into a crowded theatre. The author of this was never discovered, so the "constitutional guarantees" were suspended—or civil law was abolished—and the military and police arbitrarily arrested all men of advanced opinions in Barcelona. My friend, Professor Tarrida del Marmol, cousin of the Marquis of Mont-Roig and a distinguished mathematician, was one of the victims. His influential relatives saved him at the time, but he was later condemned to death, fled to England, and spent the rest of his life in exile.

From his book *Les Inquisiteurs d'Espagne* and other works by eye-witnesses or victims we get a picture of incredible mediaeval barbarity in 1893 and 1896. Other eye-witnesses as well as Marmol, a refined Spanish gentleman of strict honour and veracity, have confirmed the details to me. In the fortress of Montjuich there are "zero," "double zero," and "counter-zero" cells, and it was in these that the tortures were inflicted. Men were forced by the lashes of the jailors to remain on their feet, without sleep,

for five or six days. During all that time they were fed on dry bread and salt-fish and were not given a drop of water. They were scourged until their bodies were livid. My friend saw a youth of twenty-one named Ollé being conducted back to his own cell. He had been kept on the move for thirty-seven hours, fed on salt-fish, and scourged until he vomited blood. Another friend, a Parisian, in company with M. Clemenceau, examined the scars on the body of a prisoner who had escaped. All my informants assured me that some of the prisoners had cords tightly drawn across the organs of generation ; and this is confirmed in the later sworn statements of the survivors collected and published by a Spanish schoolmaster, J. Monsey (*El proceso de un gran crimen*).

Thus was independence of thought discouraged in Spain under the restored monarchy. These facts are not open to serious question, but it is difficult to give much evidence of another fact which must be told. "Murderous outrages" by a few desperate men was the pretext disseminated in Europe for the "severity" of the government. Now it is an acknowledged fact that from 1893, when Salvador threw a bomb in a theatre, to at least the year 1909 (I have not further examined the records) no anarchist has been convicted of throwing bombs in Barcelona. Most English people got the idea that Barcelona concealed numbers of horrid assassins, just as they think

about Mexico to-day, but the fact is as I have stated. Yet a number of bombs were thrown in that period, and, as these were made the ground of wholesale arrests, it was commonly believed that the police were responsible. As the bomb of 1896, which led to the arrest of four hundred of the leading republicans and anti-clericals of Barcelona (very few of whom were anarchists), the torture of scores, and the execution of many, was flung at a religious procession, this is hard to believe ; though my friends pointed out that it was singular that the thrower waited until the head of the procession, with the dignitaries of city and Church, had passed, and threw his bomb at poor working folk in the tail.

However, there are two notorious cases in which official collusion was proved. Lieutenant Morales, of the Civil Guard, was caught placing bombs in 1907, and the police, who do not love the Civil Guard, arrested him and put him on trial. He threatened to betray higher officials and he got a light sentence. In the following year Juan Rull was executed for placing bombs. It was proved in the course of his trial that he and his few colleagues had received more than £200 from the police, and the ex-chief of police, Tressolo, publicly stated that they were "the arm and instrument of a terrorism with which the anarchists are in no way associated, and behind Rull there are persons of high

station who are not in the prisoners' dock." Both these cases were fully reported in the Spanish press. It was quite generally believed among the working men of Barcelona that these bombs were manufactured in the house of the Jesuits ; and a Spanish schoolmaster, a refugee from the troubles of 1909, whom I met and closely questioned in Paris a few weeks after the events, swore to me that, in the riot, they had found the shells of bombs, which he had personally handled, in the wrecked Jesuit convent.

I confine myself, however, to such facts amongst those told to me in 1909 as seem reasonably proved. For my present purpose, indeed, part of which is to explain the prompt burning of religious houses at every revolution, it is enough that these things are widely believed by the workers of Spain. These facts are more illuminating than the dreary record of the rise and fall of political adventurers which generally forms the bulk of our "histories" of the reign of Alfonso XIII. But I will add only a short reference to the judicial murder of Ferrer in 1909, a notorious fact which confirms every dark suspicion of the complicity of State, Church, and Army.

The calling out of the reserves for the dreary campaign in Morocco, which the workers, rightly or wrongly, regarded as an adventure in the interest of the wealthy, excited a revolt in Barcelona. It began with a hastily organized

strike which in a day led on to the burning of convents—only two monks were killed, one with a rifle in his hand—and on the next day to rebellion. Ferrer was in England, visiting friends of mine, at the time when he was accused of planning this insurrection, which was not planned, and, when he lay in jail, I wrote to the Premier, Señor Maura, to say that I had a letter of his which put his innocence beyond question. Similar documents were sent to Spain by friends of mine. They disappeared and were not produced at the court martial.

But I need not here go into detail. Ferrer had been in his youth a republican follower of Zorilla. From 1885 onward he had convinced himself that violence was wrong, and long before 1900 he was a strong pacifist, devoting his life and fortune entirely to the founding of “Modern Schools”; excellent schools in themselves, and high above the general level in Spain, but anti-religious and using a number of socialist manuals. He founded ninety such schools for the workers and, as I have explained, the clergy and State-officials desperately sought his life as early as 1906. The judicial murder was not merely tragic but was outrageous in view of the mountains of testimony to the high pacific ideals of Ferrer. The little work in which I at once vindicated him was later endorsed in every line and quoted at great length (with acknowledgement) by Professor Simarro, of Madrid Univer-

sity, in his immense work on the trial. It was translated into Danish (without acknowledgment) by Georg Brandes, and was made the basis of works in various languages. But as Señor Maura and his obsequious colleagues were at once swept out of office by the indignation of Europe, and Ferrer has since been vindicated by the official acknowledgment of his innocence, I need not reopen the question.

Let me point out only that the brutality of the "trial," the gross abuse of even military-judicial forms, the shooting of a man as an organizer of a rebellion who had been known for years throughout Europe as a pure humanitarian, the entirely reckless distortion of facts to secure his death, show that still in the reign of Alfonso XIII, who fully shares the guilt with the army and the Church, the system of repression of honest thought was as vile as ever. Let me add one hitherto unpublished detail. At the court martial a young officer was selected at random—he happened to be named Captain Galceran y Ferrer—to defend the accused. He was a conventional young officer and was not expected to take the work seriously. But he was so revolted by the sordid unscrupulousness of the prosecution that he did take the work seriously. I have some reason to suspect that he was afterwards imprisoned for this. At all events, the following year, when I was lecturing in Australia, the Federal Government at my instigation asked

the Spanish Government for the address of Captain Galceran, and the reply was a politely worded request that the Australians would mind their own business.

And if the system of coercion was as brutal as ever in the days of Alfonso XIII, the régime which it was designed to protect was almost as sordid as ever. I have shown this of the political life, in which there was not the least change. I need add only one detail about the Church, with which I am concerned only in a secondary degree.

My acute interest in Spain began when, in the year 1900, an American engineer who lived in the Canaries told me almost unbelievable stories about life there. He spoke of, amongst other things, the sale of indulgences. I assured him, as one who had been a professor in a Catholic seminary for years, that this must be a Protestant misunderstanding. In the following year he laid before me four documents which he had bought in the preceding week in an ordinary bookshop in Madrid. They are what the Spaniards call *bulas*: flimsy bits of paper about a foot square, signed by the archbishop, and declaring that, by special authority of the Pope, they convey an indulgence to the purchaser. The price (from about sixpence to a shilling) is plainly indicated on each. This fixed sum of money is said to be an alms to the Church, which then *gives you the bula*. English Catholics take this subterfuge quite seriously, but Spaniards

take so little notice of it that, when the bookseller receives his batch early in the year—a new Bull of authorization comes from Rome each year, and a sort of circus procession goes through the streets to announce it—he puts a notice in his window: “*Bulas* are on sale to-day.”

There are four *bulas*. One grants a “plenary indulgence” to the buyer. A second grants the same indulgence for some dead relative. A third permits the Spanish Catholic to eat meat on nearly every day of the year, while his English co-religionist abstains. The fourth, the most audacious act of the Spanish Church in modern times, is popularly known as “the Thieves’ *Bula*”; a man who has any ill-gotten property and does not know the name and address of the owner—and the pickpocket does not usually ask for one’s card even in Spain—has only to buy this *bula* or several of them (according to the value of the property), and it becomes his.

I published these astonishing facts, and Father Sydney Smith wrote a booklet about them, sophistically playing upon, but not questioning, the facts. Thus they became known to English and American Catholics, who thought, as I had done, that the sale of indulgences had ceased in the seventeenth century, and there were some disquieting inquiries sent to the Vatican. As a consequence the bookshops no longer announce *bulas* in their windows. I was informed in Madrid a few years ago that the clergy still

sold them, but I did not venture, in that grim Fascist year, to inquire too closely.

However, the Spanish Church in the twentieth century still sold these *bulas* by the tens of millions, and educated Spaniards knew that there was no other country in the world except Spanish America in which the Vatican would dare to authorize this mediaeval abuse. From the time, in fact, when the workers began to emigrate and realize the peculiar condition of their country, the facts became more widely known. But this is only one of many audacities which linger in ecclesiastical Spain from the Middle Ages. Its hundred thousand professional beggars have no counterpart elsewhere. In no other country are there such relics and miraculous statues. On the day on which I write this I read in the *Heraldo* of Madrid, which scornfully attacks the clergy for the report, that the Catholics have been informed that a certain famous statue of the Virgin has been seen to weep because of the revolution. The total wealth accumulated by centuries of these practices, which flourished gaily under Alfonso XIII, is stupendous. The robe on a single statue of the Virgin (at Toledo) is decorated with more than 150,000 pearls and jewels, her crown is valued at £5,000, her bracelets at £2,000. There are single convents worth, with their contents, hundreds of thousands of pounds each. A Catholic Spanish review estimated that the wax and incense alone used in

the Churches cost £1,500,000 a year ; and the peasants and workers who paid for most of it earned about 3s. 6d. a week and were compelled by the Church to rear large families. Before the American war the Spanish Church drew 113,000,000 pesetas a year from the Philippine Islands alone.

Let me, in conclusion, add to this explanation of the outbreaks of the town-workers against the Church a few facts about education. Few will seriously doubt that these remarkable features of Spanish Church life were preserved by means of two devices : the general illiteracy of the workers and the practice of making periodical clearances of anti-clericals on the pretext of bomb-outrages or any sort of disorder. It would therefore be ingenuous to question that the Church had no interest in the prolongation of illiteracy in Spain. At the beginning of this century, in spite of thirty years' pressure of liberals and radicals, sixty-eight per cent of the population were still illiterate. But the literacy of a large part of the thirty-two per cent is found on inquiry to be humorous. The new schools opened in the early part of this century were almost entirely put in the hands of priests, monks, or nuns. In the public elementary schools the master was generally assigned a salary of £20 a year, and he was fortunate if he got the whole of it. The liberals passed a law that there should be no bull-fights where the people did

not find the teachers' small salary. But none of these education laws were enforced. A radical *alcalde* in one small town tried to enforce the law about bull-fights and the teachers' salary, and on Sunday afternoon the angry people dragged the schoolmaster to the square and baited him.

These few facts must suffice to illustrate the impatience of the educated part of the Spanish people. By 1910 in spite of all censorships and repressions there were many millions of anti-clericals. Francisco Ferrer, whose character and work are painfully underestimated in William Archer's lamentable book, had not merely opened nearly a hundred Modern Schools, but his educational manuals, some of which were written by scientific men of the highest rank, were widely read. The historical novels of Galdós were read everywhere. Cheap translations of English, French, and German anti-clerical books circulated by the million. In a list of ninety cheap editions published by one of the leading Madrid firms in 1909 I noticed that sixty were rationalistic works (Voltaire, Renan, Haeckel, Spencer, Darwin, etc.). Mr. B. Thirlmere, a very temperate writer, said in his *Letters from Catalonia* that in 1905 nearly everybody he met told him that "the Church knows she is doomed in Spain." I quoted in my *Decay of the Church of Rome* a score of Spanish Catholic and foreign writers to the same effect, and concluded that, while the statement of the

Correo Espanol (a Catholic paper) that there were in the first decade of this century only 1,500,000 men and 3,500,000 women in Spain who were Catholics, is clearly exaggerated as regards the women, it does not overstate the truth as regards the men ; and the one and a half millions were, of course, largely peasants. The religious condition of Spain has been for thirty years entirely different from what most people suppose.

In spite of the renewed repression and the execution of Ferrer in 1909, radical feeling rose even higher in the following year. Some reforms in local administration—to that time the priest of a village was quite commonly its mayor—led to a little more freedom of expression and radical bodies became powerful in the Cortes. The king himself, in opening that body in the summer of 1910, said that his government would strive to “give expression to the public aspirations for the reduction and control of the excessive number of religious orders” and would at last grant complete religious liberty. The clergy and the Vatican violently opposed both proposals. When the government said that it would allow no more religious foundations until the negotiations with the Vatican were completed, the Vatican replied that it refused to negotiate until the obnoxious proposals were withdrawn. The Spanish representative at Rome was withdrawn, but the Pope had only to permit the report to go out that he was thinking of opening

up negotiations with the son of Don Carlos. The Revolution in Portugal had at once attacked the monks, and they came to swell the number of monasteries in Spain.

So the dreary conflict continued, the corruption at the elections preventing the radicals from getting an effective majority, until the Great War of 1914 distracted attention. Although the government at once declared its neutrality, the friendly relations with Germany now counted very heavily; especially as anti-clerical France was hated by the clergy. It is not disputed that the aristocracy, the military, and the clergy were solidly on the side of Germany and Austria. A small proportion of the liberal intellectuals, influenced by the legend of Germany's cultural superiority, leaned to it, but the great majority of the liberals and the workers as a body were on the side of England. There was intense German propaganda, and it strongly represented that this was Spain's opportunity to get Gibraltar, while the clergy shared the Pope's more-than-benevolent neutrality as regards Austria. Few people know with what anxiety our authorities watched Spain when the war drew out, but it is not even now advisable to tell all the facts.

Until the German intensified submarine campaign began the war greatly aided the prosperity of Spain, but industrial and political unrest began again in the latter part. The revolution

in Russia fired the more advanced Spanish workers, and all of them were greatly stimulated when Germany and Austria became republics. The general elections of 1919 and 1920 were as corrupt as ever, but town voters, and in many places rural voters, now refused to be fooled or bullied, and there were such drastic exposures of the system that the Conservative Premier, Señor Dato, was assassinated (March, 1921), and two months later the king himself ridiculed the system at a public banquet. There were violent collisions in many places, but it was the great disaster to the army in Morocco in 1921 that quickened the development until General de Rivera seized power.

The war with Morocco, which the workers regarded as a capitalistic adventure, had already cost Spain more than two thousand million pesetas and tens of thousands of lives. The cost of the army, out of a poor national revenue, had risen to 700,000,000 pesetas a year. The terrible defeat and retreat in such circumstances inflamed the opposition to king, government, and army, and the acute quarrel of the civil and military authorities as to responsibility, which went on during 1921 and 1922, opened the eyes of the people to unsuspected corruption. The king gave great offence by publicly welcoming the Commander-in-Chief, General Berenguer, and in the course of 1923 it was widely stated that the king did not want an inquiry because it

would set his own acts in an ugly light. Just then the Spanish captives were released by the Riffs, and they brought home stories of appalling suffering in consequence of a defeat for which either politicians or commanders were responsible.

There was a complicated situation in the early part of 1923, the year in which General de Rivera seized power. There were very acute labour troubles, largely on account of the quarrels of Socialists, Syndicalists, and Communists. There was a renewed quarrel with the Church on account of a proposal to grant complete religious toleration. The Church won, but Cardinal Soldevila was murdered. But the most important point was the discussion of responsibility for Morocco and the steady encroachment of military commanders on public life. By the middle of summer the labour disorders were under control, and the Cortes was forced to order a Committee of Inquiry into the responsibility for the Moroccan disaster. As the debate on the subject drew out, a belief spread (this is stated even in the supplement to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*) that certain ministers tried to prevent an honest inquiry because it would involve the king ; and certainly no one will suggest that the military leaders were quite indifferent about an examination of their conduct by the Cortes. Those circumstances gave birth to the Dictatorship which finally brought down the throne.

CHAPTER XIII

THE DICTATORSHIP AND 'THE REVOLUTION

AS military men ruled Spain, in co-operation with the king and the Church, from the autumn of 1923 until a few weeks ago, there is no candid literature of that period from which one can derive even a satisfactory sketch of the development. The censorship of the press, of literature, of any organ of expression was more truculent than it had been for many decades. The only books that it was safe and profitable to write were eulogies of General de Rivera and fantastic descriptions of the way in which the strong men had regenerated the country. Representatives of foreign papers, largely Catholic journalists, sent out from Madrid glowing accounts of the beneficent transformation and the general and most affectionate gratitude of the people. They were saying this until only the other day, so that nearly everybody gasped with surprise at what they thought to be the sudden leaning to revolution of these "volatile" and "poorly-balanced" and "hot-blooded" southerners. Yet it is a plain and quite logical story of the gradual growth of

opposition to king, Church, and the old political system until it was strong enough to shake off the forces which had so long repressed and intimidated it.

The last part of that story, from 1923 to 1931, cannot yet be told in full, but only a sketch is required here. What is known is that, while the representatives of the people—and I have explained that in the cities at least they had beaten corruption and returned real republican representatives—came near their verdict on the responsibility for the national disaster, General Primo de Rivera, Marquis de Estella, who was Captain-General (Military Governor) in Catalonia, declared martial law in Barcelona and summoned the king to dismiss his ministers and dissolve the Cortes. He had carefully prepared his troops for the step and communicated with other commanders elsewhere. The king was in San Sebastian, his favourite watering place, at the time. No evidence can yet be given, though it may be found amongst the documents now seized, that he was privy to the revolt. But it is again an undisputed fact that, instead of going at once to Madrid, he lingered for forty-eight hours, while one military commander after another acceded to the revolt, and the Captain-General at Madrid fooled the ministers. When Alfonso was at last back in his palace, the Premier waited on him and demanded strong action against the rebels. He postponed his decision.

Two hours later a deputation of generals waited on him in the palace, and he then at once summoned General de Rivera to Madrid to assume power.

Those are the known facts. The reader may, for the present, please himself whether he interprets them as meaning that the Constitution, which Alfonso had so solemnly sworn to defend, was destroyed by the collusion of the king and army, and whether this was done to prevent a complete revelation of the truth about Morocco. De Rivera was in Madrid within twenty-four hours. He contemptuously dispersed the Cortes and locked up its House of Parliament. He set up what he called a Military Directory, in which he himself was the only Minister. He put the country under martial law and suppressed the last traces of free speech (press, meetings, etc.). Then he had the administrative scheme re-manned throughout the country. The offices were now assigned to military men or to men of whom the army and the clergy approved. Two months later the Presidents of the Senate and the Lower House visited the king and ventured to remind him that he had taken an oath to rule under the Constitution. He referred them to the Military Directorate, the sham form which enabled De Rivera to plead that he was not Dictator, and the Directorate deposed them from their offices. Everything that Spaniards had fought for during a hundred years was in a few

days completely destroyed by the king and the army.

What of the Church? It remains to be seen whether the present Provisional Government can produce evidence for the general belief that the plot was woven by court, army and Church working together. Two facts may help the reader to form some opinion. Almost immediately the king and his pugilist, if I may use the expression, went to Italy. There they not only publicly expressed their high appreciation of Fascism and said that they meant to follow Italy, but in a public reception in the Vatican the king used language that astonished, and in great part amused, Europe. He assured the Pope of the aid of Spain if a new Crusade were announced. Some time later General de Rivera, to the great disgust of the Spanish universities, granted the Jesuits and the Augustinians the right to confer university degrees on their pupils. But we await evidence on this point. No one questions that the Church adopted a most benevolent attitude to the usurpation and obtained, as in Italy, a more effective suppression of works or meetings which criticized it. One of the leading anti-clericals, a scholar and humanitarian who was respected in all Europe, Professor Unamuno, was exiled to the Canaries, and the Madrid Athenæum, where the intellectuals met for debate, was closed.

People in England and other countries were

systematically misinformed about the state of Spain under its Dictator. I travelled all over Spain in 1924, when we were assured that the country had cordially accepted the "reformer," and that the disaffected were just a few disappointed politicians and their followers. The country was in a condition of sombre terror. In the previous year I had been in the Canaries, and men had assured me that the "bloodless" revolution had shed a good deal of blood. But in 1924 one saw the country mute under a colossal military tyranny. Sabres, bayonets, rifles, and revolvers were everywhere. I saw Civil Guards, with loaded rifles, pass along every local train that left Madrid and examine every passenger. No one dare talk to you about politics. Every day the papers appeared with black patches, where the censor had struck out what was probably quite innocuous matter. Several editors were fined or put in prison during the week or two that I spent in Madrid. It was a reign of terror. No doubt it was fancy on my part, but it seemed to me that the only people who were quite happy were the innumerable priests.

The serious defence of this usurpation of power is that a strong man was needed to give Spain internal peace, to bring to a successful close the war in Morocco, and to divert the national energy from political squabbles to reconstruction. Let us take the last point first, since here we can

recognize some progress. The Dictator found an able Minister of Public Works, and after the settlement in Morocco, and with the aid of loans which the Financial Minister floated, large funds were available for new roads, railways, harbours, irrigation, telephones, etc. But the fulsome accounts of this advance which were published in Spain (such as Pemartin's *Los valores historicos de la Dictadura Espanola*) and abroad can easily be checked by such cold statistics as the rise of imports and exports, the increase of revenue, etc. The survival of the Dictator's power depended, in spite of all his military coercion, on a proof of utility, and he got one or two energetic men to devote themselves for him to financial reform and public works. But after six years of office the financial situation was once more alarming, and there were few in Spain who did not wish to see the military bully quit the country.

As to internal peace, it seems that there are those who regard it as an admirable state of things that we shall have our mouths closed by policemen and soldiers and be forbidden to work out the heavy problems of our transitional age. But I need not discuss that. Spain was soon as full of trouble as ever, and the last few years were a tense struggle of national sentiment against the brute force which smote it heavily whenever it expressed itself. Our news service in this respect was atrocious. In 1925, for instance, we had impressive pictures of the nine thousand *alcaldes*

of all the municipalities of Spain passing in procession before the Dictator at Madrid and enthusiastically cheering him. We were not told that the great majority of these were bosses of villages, and that all of them were nominees of De Rivera and the army who had been thrust into the places of the genuine elected officials. Nor were we told that in that year there was a severe economic crisis (fortunately mitigated by a bumper harvest), and there were plots all over Spain against the Dictator and the king.

His settlement in Morocco brought him no prestige. After the terrible defeat of 1921 there was a widespread desire of revenge, and here the strong man was particularly to show his value. Instead, he adopted the peace policy of the ministry he had driven from office and caused mutinous sentiments in the army from which he never recovered. It proved that the war was not over, but, fortunately, Abd-el-Krim was so imprudent as to attack the French also, and that led to his ruin. However much we may approve his policy in Morocco, there was nothing of the strong man about it. One gets the idea sometimes that a strong man is one who can intrigue until a sufficiently large number of soldiers are willing to silence everybody for him. If our police had not thought fit to prevent the circulation in this country of even the French edition of Blasco Ibañez's little book on Alfonso XIII, the myth of the Spanish strong man would have

been laughed out of our literature. The book was really lenient to the king, but it was a scorching exposure of the character and selfish aims of General de Rivera.

But a short outline of the development of events under the Directorate will make all this clear. I omit the officially organized demonstrations of affection and the plebiscites in which a few million rustics expressed their appreciation, and I have already told that there was fair progress—we shall probably see many times as much in the next five years—in the work of reconstruction. Spain, as we have seen, very badly needed redemption from its political system, but we saw also that by 1923 the cities were winning their own freedom from this and sending genuine representatives to the Cortes. That is one of the chief reasons why the king used the army to “purify” the country or to replace a bad political system by a worse. However, all that I need show is that the country never ceased to be outraged by the act of violence, and the bloodlessness and practical unanimity of the revolution of this year astonished nobody who had been able to follow the real course of events in Spain.

From the first, as I have said, the intellectual middle-class and the workers bitterly resented the outrage, and the Athenæum was closed and Professor Unamuno and others exiled. In England the disgraceful suggestion was served out

that Professor Unamuno, one of the most refined of humanitarians, had grossly insulted the queen. There were many plots and arrests in the following year, 1925, and it was far worse in 1926. General Aguilera, a former Minister of War, was amongst the many hundreds who were arrested for complicity in a country-wide conspiracy. Count Romanones, the leading statesman, was fined half a million pesetas. There was an attempt to assassinate the Dictator and a plot to kill the king and queen. Military revolts broke out in many districts. This was the year in which our press announced that a national testimonial to the Dictator was signed by six million patriots. (There were not at the time six million adults, male *and* female, in the country who could write their names.)

In the autumn of 1927 the Dictator summoned a National Assembly. The country smiled sourly at that mockery of its demands, for the members were all picked nominees, and there was a new revolutionary plot, with several hundred arrests. The land was covered with spies, and most plots were betrayed before they got far. The year 1928 was the Dictator's best year. He announced that the budget showed a surplus for the first time in twenty years, and it was now that progress was made with public works. His fiercest critic, Blasco Ibañez, had died in January, and the glad tidings was inserted in the press that Primo was drafting a new Constitution. But

when the celebration of his accession to power came round in September there was such a national protest that he had to make two thousand arrests and make his censorship more rigid than ever.

It is useful to bear in mind that this is just the period when the Dictator's men did render some national service in finance and public works, yet from the autumn of 1928 onward, in spite of the most intense drive of all his spies and armed police, the opposition to him made such progress that his fall was soon predicted. He announced himself at the beginning of 1929, after his great year of "peace and service," that the dictatorship would now be "more precise and concrete than formerly and more strictly applied." His pronouncement was followed by a serious military plot at Ciudad Real and other places. There was a rising at Valencia, and the former Conservative Premier, Sanchez Guerra, was arrested on the charge that he had come expressly from Paris to take the lead in it. De Rivera pressed for punishment, and, to his anger and alarm, the six distinguished officers who presided at the court martial acquitted Guerra. The army was deserting him. He made his last desperate efforts to bludgeon the country into silence. The students were in revolt everywhere, largely on account of the encroachments of the clergy which De Rivera permitted. There were riots in Madrid in which many were killed, and the university

and the colleges were closed. Trade was alarmed, for the peseta fell very heavily, and there was a big deficit.

Naturally King Alfonso dropped his tool when he perceived that his use was over. In the first month of 1930 he substituted for him General Berenguer, head of his own military household, and the descredited old military bully and *roué*, the pet of the clergy and court, went off to Paris to die (in March). His sham institution, the Consultative Assembly, was abolished, and every effort was made to pacify the students and the army. But the national sentiment could neither be conciliated nor suppressed. It was now a country-wide move against the king, who was accused of supporting these seven years of outrage for his own protection and to conceal his guilt in connection with Morocco.

There is no need to follow events in detail now. The army deserted the king, and we have just seen that, the moment its bloody menace was removed, the nation in its overwhelming majority said that the king must go. Most English people did not understand how it was all decided at a Municipal Election. Berenguer had perceived last year that he must grant a Cortes and an election, but he insisted that the municipal must follow the parliamentary election. From what I have said you will see the point. General de Rivera had, we saw, replaced all genuine municipal authorities by nominees of the Dic-

tatorship. These would have "controlled" the election for the Cortes. But the power of reaction was broken. The people won, and he had to grant honest municipal elections in April. The issue everywhere was political : royalist or republican. Every city rang with enthusiasm, the young men and women, especially, joyously marching arm-in-arm along the streets. As the reports came in that city after city declared for a republic, there was delirious rejoicing. It was two in the morning when Madrid retired to bed.

Next day all Madrid flocked to the Puerta and the chief streets. It was known that the cities and large towns, which alone counted, had voted overwhelmingly for a Republic. Madrid had cast 90,000 votes for it against 30,000 royalist ; Barcelona 90,000 against 28,000, and so on. Not even the royalists attached any significance to the fact that in the whole country the monarchists won 22,150 seats to the republicans 3,873. The great majority of these monarchist seats were in villages. Ministers and generals passed, with pale faces, in and out of the palace, and the excitement became intense. But Spain rang with joy from Bilbao to Malaga when, at eight-fifty in the evening of April 14th, the republican leader Zamora broadcast the official news that Alfonso had abdicated and the last of the Spanish Bourbons were in flight for the frontier. Alfonso had learned from his military

advisers that even the Civil Guard would not fight for him.

What precisely happened will, no doubt, soon be officially made known. Some London papers published a detailed description of Alfonso de Bourbon y Habsburg, as the Spanish papers now call him, hesitating with the pen in his hand and then signing his abdication. But as soon as he reached the frontier, he declared that he had not abdicated : he had merely moved from Spain for a time "to avoid bloodshed" and would soon be recalled. It was poor bluff. The municipal elections had been fought entirely on the republican issue, and there was no need to await the parliamentary elections in June. The tranquillity with which nearly the entire country received the news of the revolution, the boisterous joy with which clearly the large majority of towns-folk received it, told a plain story. And already the scrutiny of the documents seized closes the gate against Alfonso. *The Times* of May 14th reported that the Provisional Government had confiscated Alfonso's property in Spain on the ground that he had "taken advantage of his position to increase illegitimately his private fortune." Other London papers reported that the Provisional Government charged Alfonso with illegally appropriating the better part of £4,000,000 while his friend De Rivera kept the country quiet for him. We shall see what we shall see.

Even recent events are often not sharply remembered, and I may shortly state the facts about the burning of convents. Let the reader carefully notice these dates. Alfonso abdicated on April 14th, and the great demonstrations and street scenes had begun on the 12th. Yet in the reports of *The Times* correspondents, which would assuredly not favour "the mob," I find no single charge of violence or vindictiveness during the three most hectic days of rejoicing. Just when feeling was most lyrical, when for the first time in long years men could roll out once more in the open street the old Hymn of Riego, there was most remarkable orderliness and absence of reprisals. It was not until the 15th that a few outrages were reported, and these were in individual quarrels. On the 19th a small village church was fired and, in another place, a religious statue was broken. On May 1st there was some trouble in Barcelona. The burning of churches and monasteries began twenty-seven days after the triumph of the Republic. Let us remember that to the credit of the Spanish people. They commemorated with almost unprecedented orderliness the fall of a corrupt dynasty and the end of a tyranny that had lasted, with short periods of respite, for more than a century and a quarter. The story I have told in this book may not be known to many in England, but it is well known to every Spaniard who can read.

I suggest that the reader should keep clearly

in his mind this fact that the outrages did not begin until nearly a month after the revolution, because presently, when our recollections are less precise, we shall probably read how the "released passions of the mob" at once flared out in shocking outrages. A few years ago a little book published by the American Knights of Columbus, and often quoted in this country, told how sixty priests had been shot in Mexico in a certain month of the year 1926. It happened that I spent that month in Mexico, and not a priest had been shot. The general picture of Mexico given to the world was grotesquely different from the reality as I saw it. Something similar will be attempted in the case of Spain. The fact is that the people, workers and middle-class, passed through this emotional crisis with the most admirable restraint in regard to their fallen enemies.

The Spanish press of to-day holds that the outrages were the result of a conspiracy of the royalists and the communists to provoke outrages. We have seen such curious things in the life of Spain that we may prefer to suspend judgment until recent events are placidly recorded in history. But the known facts, as reported even in *The Times*, are interesting. On April 26th Cardinal Segura, the Primate of the Spanish Church, attacked the Republic from the pulpit. He made amends for this afterwards, but it caused great anger, and the Cardinal is at present in

Rome, and he has been forbidden by the Government to return to Spain. But the immediate cause of trouble was, as all reports from Spain agree, that twenty-five days after the king's abdication the Monarchist Association continued to fly the royal flag in the chief street of Madrid, royalist youths waved it from motor-cars, and the Catholic-royalist paper *A.B.C.* was very offensive. The offices of the paper were attacked, and a machine-gun played on the crowd from one of its windows. Many were severely injured and one, an innocent bystander, died. On that day the burnings began in Madrid and spread over the country.

The Times correspondent ascribes all these outrages to a "small disorderly element" and to "hooligans mostly under twenty." This generally agrees with the photographs given in great numbers in the Spanish illustrated papers, though this burning of monasteries and Jesuit houses is a common event after a revolution, and perhaps I have explained it. As far as I can discover in *The Times* reports only one life was lost : a rioter shot by the police. But it is regrettable that some of the English papers have not published any notice of the action of the authorities. Ring-leaders in the outrages have been sentenced to imprisonment for life or for terms of imprisonment up to twenty years ; and the latest Madrid papers I have, as I write this, report that the Government is proceeding against all municipal

authorities who were lax in the restraint of convent-burners.

The great majority of the men in the cities and towns hate convents and monasteries as symbols of a power that has, in collusion with monarchy, so long kept Spain from advancing. But they leave outrages to the small minority who in every city resort to outrages, and they look forward to the settlement of the Church question by the Cortes when it is elected. There will then, I fancy, be a bitter conflict in Spain in the course of which we shall hear of further outrages. The Cortes is expected to disestablish the Church, grant complete religious liberty, secularize education, and establish civil marriage and divorce. One would not be surprised if it evicts the religious orders. The Vatican is, naturally, alarmed and will intrigue. The very able Pope who at present presides over the Church has been deluded by the facility with which he wrested from Mussolini, as the price of his support of the usurpation, nearly all that he wanted, and the sudden loss of it all in Spain will lead him into dangerous blunders. The new Republic is, in this respect, not sailing into smooth waters. I trust I have at least explained that the cry that a minority are violently assailing institutions which are treasured by the majority even of the workers of Spain is an untruth.

I regard the Republic as definitely established, as in France and Portugal. We talk a great deal

of intolerable nonsense about the hot-blooded Latin peoples and their impulsive changes. I have shown an entirely logical development, only checked and distorted by tyranny, in the life of Spain during the last century and a half. It culminates, as in France, in a secular Republic. Difficulties will certainly arise once more from the very mixed character of the radicals of all shades who united in getting rid of the king. When they set about construction, the acute differences will be revealed. But the majority of the members of the Provisional Government are Socialists, which implies a predominantly Socialist following, and this gives some hope of adjustment of the relations of government to the mass of the workers. The Communists will, of course, give all the trouble they can. In short, I foresee troubled days, but the able and high-minded men who are now in control will surely, in view of the heroic struggle that Spain has sustained for a century and a quarter, be entitled to the sympathetic interest of Europe.

The returns of the General Election reach me as I see these pages through the press. The people have shown themselves, *The Times* reports, a "model of orderliness," and they have quietly confirmed the verdict of the municipal election. According to the fairly complete returns, some three hundred and fifty Republican deputies will confront less than a hundred opponents (largely Federalist Republicans) in the new Cortes. To

their own surprise, and not entirely to their satisfaction, the Socialists have the strongest party (150 seats), the Radicals the second (about 100 seats) ; and it will surely be possible for these and the Liberal Republicans to unite on a moderate constructive programme, under the lead of the vigorous and high-minded Lerroux. Adult suffrage and the disestablishment of the Church are already promised in the draft of the Constitution. Such measures will probably be as generally applauded as they were in Portugal. The new government takes office in an hour of deep general economic gloom, and its difficulties will be serious ; but a new spirit is in the people, and the courage with which they have fought tyranny and corruption for a century and a quarter will hardly fail before the profitable tasks of peace.

INDEX

Abd-al-Rahman III, 1
Abd-el-Krim, 229
Aguilera, General, 231
Alagon, the Duke of, 19
Alfonso XII, 116, 164-84
Alfonso XIII, 186, 202-3,
 224-38
Amadeo of Savoy, 149-56
American War, the, 199
Anarchism, Growth of, 194,
 207, 209
Angoulême, Duke of, 43
Antonelli, Cardinal, 137
Army of the Faith, the, 42

Basques, the, 64, 67, 155
Bat, The, 102
Beggars in Spain, 216
Berenguer, General, 221, 233
Bermudez, Zea, 61
Bleeding Nun, the, 97, 111
Bomb-throwing, 194-5, 209-
 11
Borrow, George, 73, 74
Bourbon, Cardinal de, 27
Bravo, Gonzalez, 85, 86-7,
 88, 126-7, 132
Bulas, Sale of, 214-16

Cabrera, 66, 172
Caciques, 171
Cadiz, Constitution of, 8
Calomarde, 49, 59
Camarilla, 19
Cánovas del Castillo, 165-93
Carlist Wars, the, 64-8, 154-
 7, 162
Carlos, Don (see Don Car-
 los)
Carlota, Doña, 56, 60, 93
Caroline, Queen, 6
Caroline Islands, the, 180
Castelar, 123, 127, 152,
 161-2
Chaperon, 47
Charles III, 3-4
Charles IV, 5
Chateaubriand, 31
Cheste, Count, 134
Church, Decay of the,
 218-19
—, Wealth of the, 216
Clarendon, Lord, 75
Claret, Father, 129
Collado, Pedro, 19
Corruption in Spain, 20, 91,
 100, 192, 205-6

Cristina, Queen (see Maria Cristina) 104
 Cuba, the war in, 176, 197-8 104
 Dato, Assassination of, 221 104
 D'Aranda, Count, 4 104
 Dictatorship, the, 224-34 104
 Don Carlos, 46, 48, 49, 56-68 104
 Don Carlos Maria, 154, 156 104
 Dulce, Colonel, 86 104
 Eguia, General, 12, 13 104
 Elagabalus, 6 104
 Empecinado, Death of, 44 104
 Enrique, Don, 93, 146 104
 Escoiquiz, Canon, 6 104
 España, Count de, 50-1, 65 104
 Espartero, General, 75-81, 103-112 104
 Espronceda, 73 104
 Exterminating Angel, Society of the, 41, 46 104
 Federation of Pure Royalists, 50 104
 Ferdinand VII, 6, 11, 19-61 104
 Ferdinand of Naples, 34 104
 Ferrer, Francisco, 204, 211-12 104
 Figueras, 157 104
 Francisco, Don, 59, 93, 174 104
 Frederic II, 3 104
 French Revolution, the, 4, 8, 159 104
 Galceran, Captain, 213 104
 Galdós, Perez, 196 104
Gentleman's Magazine, 32-3 104
 Germany and Spain, 179, 220 104
 Godoy, 5 104
 Golden Rose, the, 118, 136 104
 Greville, Charles, 94 104
 Guerra, Sanchez, 232 104
 Hamilton, Lady, 7 104
 Holy Alliance, the, 34, 36 104
 Hymn of Riego, 28 104
 Ibañez, Blasco, 196, 229, 231 104
 Illiteracy in Spain, 10, 188, 217 104
 Indulgences, Sale of, 214-16 104
 Inquisition, the, 8, 16, 23, 27, 49 104
 Irving, Washington, 96 104
 Isabel II, 58, 62, 82-144, 174 104
 —, Marriage of, 92-4 104
 Lacy, General, 22 104
 La Granja, 59, 74 104
 Lersudi, 130 104
 Liberal Union, the, 118 104
 Llorente, 27 104
 Louis XVIII, 36 104
 Louis Philippe, 58 104
 Lytton, Bulwer, 97 104

MacMahon, Marshal, 156
"Maine," Destruction of the, 199
Manila, Archbishop of, 203
Manresa Plot, the, 56
Marfori, 134, 137, 142
Maria Cristina, 57, 60, 69–97, 104–6, 174
Maria Cristina of Austria, 175, 185, 189
Maria Luisa, 5, 6
Marmol, Tarrida del, 208
Martinez Campos, 164, 168, 176
Martinez de la Rosa, 62
Maura, 182, 206, 212
Mendizabal, 70
Merino, 66
Mexico, 237
Miguel of Portugal, 35
Miraculous statues, 216
Miraflores, Marquis de, 122
Modern Schools, 212, 218
Moltó, Puig, 116, 117
Monks in Spain, 10, 49, 63–4, 71, 219–20
Montjuich, 51, 208–10
Montpensier, Duke de, 136, 146, 174
Moors, the Spanish, 1
Morales, Matteo, 204
Morocco, War in, 120–1, 212, 221, 229
Municipal elections, the, 234
Muñoz, 69, 74, 87
Naples, 3, 34
Napoleon and Spain, 5, 7
Narvaez, General, 81–6, 88–137
Nelson, 6
O'Donnell, General, 23–4, 102, 103, 107–22
Olózaga, 83–5, 123
Osma, Bishop of, 41, 46
Pavia, General, 163
Patrocinio, Sister, 97, 111
Philip IX, 5
Pi y Margall, 160–1, 185, 194
Prim, General, 131, 133, 136–8, 150
Protestants in Spain, 173–4
Riego, Major, 24, 43
Rivera, Primo de, 168, 190, 222–32
Romanones, Count, 206, 231
Routledge, John, 139
Rull, Juan, 210
Saez, Canon, 42, 45
Sagasta, 123, 153, 186
Salic Law, the, 57
Salmeron, 161
Salvador, 209
San Domingo, 121
Santa Cruz, Marquesa de, 84, 85

INDEX

Sanz, Elena, 175
Sarsfield, General, 23
Schools in Spain, 188,
 217-18
Segura, Cardinal, 237
Serrano, General, 97, 98,
 134, 139
Seville, Duke of, 189
Sexto, Duke of, 175
Simarro, Professor, 212
Socialism, Growth of, 193-4
South America, Revolt of,
 23
Tanucci, the Marquis, 3
Ticknor, George, 55
Toleration in Spain, 173
Topete, Admiral, 133, 137,
 138
Torture, Use of, 195, 208-9
Tressolo, 210
Unamuno, Professor, 226,
 231
Valencia Decree, the, 12
Villacampa, General, 189
Vinuesa, 31
Volunteers of Liberty, 158
Wellington, Lord, 14
Weyler, General, 198, 199,
 200
White Terror, the, 18
Zamora, 234
Zorilla, Ruiz, 123, 153, 179,
 185

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